FAMOUS CHILDREN

H. TWITCHELL

Famous Children

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The Dauphin, Louis XVII.

From painting by Greuze.

Famous Children

WHO HAVE GAINED RENOWN IN THE PAST

BY

H. TWITCHELL

Illustrated from Historical Paintings

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD
1903

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Published August, 1903.

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FAMOUS CHILDREN.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

TO

BOYS AND GIRLS

EVERYWHERE

FOREWORD

I HEREBY make acknowledgment of indebtedness to various foreign authors for assistance received from their works in the preparation of this volume.

H. T.

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ROYAL CHILDREN

THE SONS OF EDWARD IV

THE sons of Edward IV were Edward V, not quite thirteen at his father's death, and Richard, Duke of York, barely eleven. During his reign of twenty-two years, Edward IV had passed through many difficulties, and he had not always behaved in the best manner possible. He was not a cruel king, but he did not always keep himself under control, and his nobles had little respect for him.

Realizing his errors of government when it was too late, he died overwhelmed by remorse, leaving his two sons in the care of their mother, Elizabeth Woodville. Elizabeth was not of royal birth, and the proud nobles resented the many favors shown to her and her family by the king.

The widow had a powerful enemy in the person of her husband's brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who was very ambitious.

He was misshapen and lame, and his repulsive face fully expressed his villanous nature. He reigned later as Richard III, after a crime had placed the crown upon his head.

A violent quarrel broke out between the queen mother and the wicked duke. The latter claimed the title of regent, which had been forbidden him by Edward's will. To gain the end which his ambition pointed out as the surest road to the throne, the daring Richard went to Ludlow Castle, on the border of Wales, and seized the person of young Edward V. He took the boy to London and had himself declared Protector of the kingdom during his nephew's minority.

A friend of the queen, Lord Rivers, indignant at the Duke of Gloucester for keeping the young king away from his mother and a prisoner in his own palace, attempted to stir up the people to overthrow Richard and deliver the young prince. The duke discovered the conspiracy, however, and, in the name of Edward V, had the faithful but unfortunate Lord Rivers beheaded for the crime of high treason.

While all this was going on at the palace, where Richard ruled as master, the widowed queen, with her younger son, took refuge in Westminster Abbey; for she knew that the cruel regent was anxious to get the boy in his power.

Edward V was kept a prisoner in the royal apartments, having around him only the hirelings of the Duke of Gloucester. The poor child dared not ask for news of his mother nor of his brother, — that dear companion whose merry disposition had always been such a comfort to him.

Never was any one more alone in a crowd than was the young King of England in the midst of his court. He was treated with the respect due to royal personages. He was addressed on bended knees, as a king should be, but no one ever showed him any of that kindness so dear to the hearts of children. He saw humble faces on every hand, but not a single expression of friendship nor a word of affection broke the monotony of his dreary life.

This state of things lasted for two months; then one day he was given a companion, — no other than his beloved brother, the Duke of York. The Duke of Gloucester had at last succeeded in bringing the brothers together again; but it was not in the palace of the king, their father, that they had the joy of meeting. It was in a gloomy room in the Tower of London, which was to be their home during the few years they still had to live.

Sir Robert Brackenbury, at this time governor of the Tower, was ordered by the regent not to allow the prisoners to communicate with any one outside. Soon a more cruel command was given; the governor was asked to murder them. He refused in horror. Then the keys of the Tower were taken away from him, and the prisoners were confided to the care of Sir James Tyrrel, a worthless man, burdened with debts, who was capable of doing anything for money, even to killing children.

"Would you dare take it upon yourself to kill one of my friends?" Richard asked the wretch.

"Yes; but I would rather make way with two of our enemies," replied Tyrrel, promptly.

History does not tell us how the poor children passed their time during their confinement in the Tower; but the assassin, Tyrrel, told of the spectacle that met his eyes when he went with his two accomplices, to make it possible, by a few blows of the poniard, for Richard III to become King of England.

"The two children were sleeping in the same bed with their white arms twined about each other. Their lips looked like four roses on a single stem; a prayer-book lay on the cover of the cot. They wakened at the sound we made, and the Duke of York jumped out of bed in his fright. He began to cry out, but a dagger blow silenced him. He bled freely, but was not killed outright. Edward V now rose, and, standing in front of his brother, as if to protect him said: 'You have made a mistake. I am the king.' But the order had been given, and we had to kill both of the boys. After doing the dreadful deed, we left the room in tears, for we had killed two noble children."

This double assassination was committed in 1485. A hundred years later Queen Elizabeth had the door of a sealed room in the Tower opened. On a bed lay two little skeletons, with iron collars on their necks, — all that remained of King Edward V and Richard, his brother.

Not wishing to revive memory of the crime, Elizabeth had the room sealed up again, and forbade any one to even speak of the discovery that had been made. Another hundred years passed away. Charles II, who reigned over England, had the sealed door opened again. The remains of the victims were carried to Westminster Abbey, and buried among the tombs of kings.

The Princes in the Tower.

From painting by Millais.

THE LAST TUDOR

EDWARD VI was the son of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour. He was given the throne by his father's will in preference to his half-sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, who were older than he. He was only eight years old when his father died. He was a very delicate child, and in his early childhood his life was threatened more than once by severe illnesses.

Although his body was so frail, his intelligence was wonderful. In fact, he was a prodigy. He knew French, Italian, Latin, Greek, geography, and mathematics. At the age of fourteen, he corresponded in Greek with his young cousin, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey; he also composed Italian verses for her.

In disposition he was mild and amiable, and, better than all, he was kind-hearted. When he was still a prince, he loved to walk about London, accompanied by some of his

suite. If he met poorly clad children, he would stop and question them.

"If your father is not able to give you good clothes," he would say, "mine is rich enough to clothe all the poor in England. If you will take me to your house, I will see whether you need money. I have a great deal given to me, and I can spare your father some."

He rarely returned to the palace without having given away all the money he had with him. He would often bring some poor boy home to play with him, and afterwards let the child carry away any playthings that he fancied. More than one child took away something better than playthings. Often it was the son of a man imprisoned for debt or for some offence against military discipline who was admitted to play with the prince. The family then took advantage of this circumstance to present a petition to Henry VIII through his son. Although the king was still stern and unforgiving, he could refuse nothing to this amiable boy who had empire over his heart.

When Edward was seven years old he became King of England. He had for his advisors, sixteen ministers, or rather, sixteen regents, who governed the country in his name. As soon as he became king, he had to be protected from all possibility of attack from his enemies; so there were no more happy walks, no more games with the children of the people. He did not forget them, however, and his officers and pages carried his gifts to them, when he could no longer go in person.

Because of his kindness he became very popular, and was known as the generous prince. But although his kindness brought him many friends, and his wonderful knowledge added to the number of his admirers, he was forced by his ministers to sign a fresh death-warrant every day. His young heart bled at this. In reality, he found himself less the master of his kingdom than when he had only to intercede with his father to obtain the pardon of a condemned person.

He grew paler and more delicate every day. He at last passed into a rapid

decline. Some historians say that he was given over to the care of a woman-doctor, who pretended that she could cure him. She did not succeed, however, and he died July 6, 1553, before he was quite sixteen years old.

LADY JANE GREY

THE story of Lady Jane Grey is one of the saddest ones in history. Picture a beautiful, happy girl of fifteen, a marvel of grace and also of learning, endowed by nature with all the qualities that make the tender daughter, the faithful wife, the devoted friend, and the courageous woman. One, too, who asked only to be allowed to be the pride of her parents and the delight of her own household, for, although so young, she was married to a noble and worthy young man, Lord Guilford.

It was upon this youthful head, that desired only a wreath of flowers, that the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, her father-in-law, planned to place a crown.

After the death of Edward VI, in open defiance of the legitimate claim of Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII, the old Duke of Northumberland had his daughter-in-law,

Lady Jane Grey, proclaimed Queen of England. This was done without the knowledge of the girl, and when, one day, they came to her and said, "You are a queen!" her first impulse was to refuse to wear the crown offered to her.

"There is a legitimate heir to the throne," she said to her father-in-law, "and behind that throne there is a scaffold awaiting the one, who shall, for even a day, usurp the sovereign power. Besides, I do not want to reign. I am so happy here. Now, I have only friends. Then, I shall have enemies, slanderers, murderers, perhaps. Let my cousin Mary have the crown that belongs to her; let me keep my happiness, and my lot shall be the best one."

But it was of no use for her to plead. Her fate was decided. It was written that she was to be crowned Queen of England, that she was to reign for ten days, and that after that she was to lay her innocent head down on the same block where Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, two wives of Henry VIII, had met their death.

The Duke of Northumberland caused her to proclaim a royal edict on the very first day of her reign. This unique and singular act of power on the part of a girl of fifteen consisted in ordering shoes, which were then worn very long, shortened by two inches.

During the few days of her reign, Lady Jane kept up her quiet and studious habits. She soon realized over what treacherous sands she was walking. Scarcely had she mounted the throne when trouble began. The friends of Mary raised a threatening voice against the innocent usurper.

In spite of the efforts of the friends of the latter, the people and most of the nobility took sides with Mary, and had her proclaimed the true queen. Lady Jane resigned the crown willingly. She wrote to the new queen: "The diadem has already weighed too heavily upon my brow. Take it, as you are more worthy of it than I."

The unfortunate girl consoled herself with the hope that she would be permitted to return to her pleasant home on the riverside, and to her books that she loved so well.

But such was not to be the case. Mary listened only to the voice of revenge. She had Lady Jane and her husband cast into prison. The Duke of Northumberland and the other supporters of the usurpers were condemned and put to death.

Lady Jane and her husband remained in prison for nearly a year. It was not through pity, however, that Mary spared their lives for so long. She was afraid that the people would rise up in revolt if she were to have such a young and innocent person beheaded.

In the beginning of the year 1554, a rebellion excited by Sir Thomas Wyat, a man of great daring, served as a pretext for the execution of the prisoners in the Tower. Mary signed their death-warrant. When Lady Jane was told that there was only time left her to prepare for death, she said with a sad smile:

"I felt sure that my cousin, the Queen of England, could not forget me."

She then withdrew to her bed-chamber and penned these lines to her sister Catherine Grey: —

"I am going with the one I love. We shall wait for you in heaven, but may you keep us waiting long."

Lord Guilford was given permission to visit his wife for the last time on earth, as he was to die first. When an officer asked Lady Jane if she would receive her husband, she replied: —

"No; since we must die, we must do nothing to weaken our courage. Such an interview would deprive us of the strength we need in this supreme moment. Tell my loved one that I send him the kiss of farewell. I should like to receive it from his lips, but this I must deny myself. Even if he could answer for himself, I feel that I could not endure the grief of parting. Our enemies must not have any reason to say that we were afraid to die."

An hour after this brave reply was made, the bleeding and headless body of her husband was carried past the window where she could not help seeing it. Instead of paling with fear at the sight, she sent a kiss toward it and said: —

"Farewell! This is only the signal of our near reunion. The best part of you is already in heaven, where I shall soon join you, never more to leave you."

She made a little speech to the people from the scaffold, thanking those who had tried to save her. She then said, "If the welfare of England demands my death, it is better that an innocent person should suffer than that the safety of the State should be risked!"

She begged the executioner to do his work well. She prayed while her eyes were being bandaged. She felt for the block, and murmured, "What shall I do? Where is it?" She was guided to it, laid her head upon it, the axe descended with a dull thud, and the spirit of the innocent victim took its flight from earth.

Last moments of Lady Jane Gray.

From painting by Paul Delaroche.

EUDOXIA, EMPRESS OF THE EAST

LEONTIUS, a Grecian philosopher, or rather, a sophist, had a daughter, named Athenaïs. She was very beautiful and was instructed by her father in the literature of Greece and Rome, in rhetoric, geometry, arithmetic, and astronomy. Because of her great beauty and learning, her father thought she would not need wealth, so, at his death, he left all his property to his sons.

But learning and beauty could not keep the girl from want. She was too young to be permitted to open a school in Athens, and those who might have been suitors for her hand did not care to take a wife who had no fortune.

At the time of her father's death, in the year 420, Athenaïs was barely fourteen years old. She thought that her brothers would let her remain in her father's house

and continue her studies. She was deceived in this. They said to her: —

"Our father gave you the best part of his possessions; we have only his wealth; you have his knowledge."

Indignant at this treatment, Athenaïs claimed her share of the estate. Seeing that she could not get justice done her by the courts of Athens, she decided to go to Constantinople and lay her case before the emperor himself.

Aided by friends, she at last succeeded in reaching the capital of the Eastern Empire, which was reigned over by Theodosius II. She tried to go at once to the emperor, who was known to be merciful and kind. She had to give up this plan, as the courtiers, jealous of the imperial favor, formed a barrier between the ruler and his subjects. Then, too, another obstacle stood in the way: Athenaïs was not a Christian, and the strict piety of the sovereign would not permit him to receive a daughter of a pagan in his palace.

Alone and unprotected, the girl had already

attracted attention by her marvellous beauty, and soon rumors of her wit and learning spread abroad. These came to the ear of Pulcheria, the emperor's sister, and she wished to see the maiden.

Hearing of this, Athenaïs went to the door of the temple, where Pulcheria went to pray every day. The princess found her there, surrounded by a group of people. At her approach, the crowd separated to allow her to pass, but instead of entering the temple, Pulcheria paused to look at the beautiful girl. After admiring her for a few moments, she began to question her.

The philosopher of fourteen replied to all questions with much modesty. There was so much wit and charm in her replies that Pulcheria conceived a great affection for her on the spot. She even invited her to accompany her into the temple.

"I could not pray with you, madam," she said; "I am not a Christian."

Pulcheria drew back, as she had a horror of pagans. Seeing the effect caused by her words, Athenaïs hastened to reassure the

kind princess, whose protection was so necessary to her. She said: —

"No, I am not a Christian, but my greatest wish is to be baptized. I have read your religious books, and they have enlightened my mind. But who would take it upon herself to be my godmother and be responsible for me? I know no one in all this land."

As she spoke, she looked timidly at the princess, who stretched out her arms and replied: —

"Dear child, if it be true that faith has entered your heart, if you hunger for the bread of life, rely upon my protection. I myself will guide you out of the darkness that surrounds you. You must drop your heathen name Athenaïs. I will be your godmother, and call you after my own pious mother, Eudoxia."

Both then entered the temple, and the young girl, who, a moment before had been friendless in the great city, found herself the protégée of the most powerful person in the court of Theodosius II.

The princess placed the maiden in a noble

and pious family, and soon the day of her baptism arrived. In renouncing the faith of her fathers, she, without knowing it, made a great stride toward imperial power.

All the courtiers, from the highest to the lowest, solicited the favor of being allowed to witness the religious ceremony by which the girl was to be received into the bosom of the Church. The emperor himself was present, and during the service he gazed at the young girl with mute admiration.

A few days later, Pulcheria brought Eudoxia into her brother's presence, when she made her plea for justice. The emperor permitted her to talk as long as she wished, for her words were like music to him. When she had finished, he said to her: —

"Although your father's fortune was large, I cannot but believe that the portion of which you have unjustly been deprived was not equal to the gift of a crown. Cease to consider yourself an orphan, for you have a family, which is mine. Do not think of yourself henceforth as the sister of the cruel men who drove you away. You are no longer

Athenaïs, daughter of Leontius, but Eudoxia, Empress of the East."

As she listened to the emperor's words, Eudoxia grew pale and trembled. She could not believe in the high destiny that heaven had prepared for her. Seeing her totter, Pulcheria took her in her arms and said, to convince her that what she had heard was true: —

"Empress of the East, rise up and embrace your sister Pulcheria."

When the day of the marriage and coronation arrived, there were, in Constantinople, two men who could not hear the name of the new empress without fear. They had been brought from Athens as closely guarded prisoners, and were now confined in the palace, waiting for the wife of Theodosius to decide their fate.

They were no other than Eudoxia's unworthy brothers, who had been brought by her orders to witness her triumph.

The cortège, which had passed through the city amidst the joyous shouts of the people, returned to the palace. The young

empress, surrounded by her brilliant court, inquired if the guilty ones were present. Being told that they were, she had them brought before her. They came, trembling with fear. Knowing that they were unworthy of pardon, they cast themselves at the feet of the empress, unable to speak a word. She addressed them kindly, and as sole punishment, repeated the words Pulcheria had spoken to her, "Rise up and embrace your sister!"

IVAN III[1]

WE would not say "as happy as a king" so often if we knew of the care and responsibilities which belong to the royal state, the dangers threatening it, and the ambitions of which it is always the plaything and often the victim. The head that wears a crown is often condemned, if not to death, at least to uneasiness.

When the crown is placed upon a young brow, it may become the object of the most covetous attacks. This was especially the case in the past. Among those to whom such a gift proved to be a great misfortune was Czar Ivan III, nephew of the Empress Anne Ivanowna. For the honor of being counted among the rulers of Russia, he was forced to lead a most wretched life.

He was proclaimed Emperor when he was barely two months old, as the outcome

[1] Ivan VI according to some reckonings.

of a court intrigue. The next year another intrigue cast him into prison. When memory began for him, he was in the depths of an abyss, a captive shut up in the fortress of Schlüsselbourg. He was surrounded by jailers; no one ever hinted to him that he was a Czar and the rightful ruler of Russia.

He was kept in a small room with barred windows, and the sentinels who guarded the bolted door were changed every hour. During his long captivity, the prisoner never saw the same face twice among the guards on duty. No one spoke to him; he was rarely permitted to walk out, and if on these occasions he found a door open and passed through it, thus going beyond the limit set for him, he found himself facing a levelled gun, and he hurriedly retraced his footsteps.

As Ivan grew up, the officers in charge of him noticed his beauty, mildness, and grace. They mentioned these to their friends at St. Petersburg, and soon plots were secretly formed in favor of the young Czar, who inherited both an imperial crown and that of a martyr. Of all these plots, none were suc-

cessful. They were promptly discovered, and they merely served to call down fresh severity upon the prisoner.

For a period of sixteen years the young Czar was taken from prison to prison, without ever knowing why he was deprived of liberty. Such was his utter ignorance of the condition of men that he did not know that there were any persons on earth, excepting those who lived in prisons.

Moved either by curiosity or remorse, Empress Elizabeth, who reigned in place of the rightful ruler, expressed a desire to see the boy. He was taken to St. Petersburg in a closed carriage, accompanied by a strong escort. He was ushered into the presence of the daughter of Peter the Great; on meeting it is said that both burst into tears. The empress was doubtless touched by the beauty and gentleness of her victim, and Ivan wept from gratitude on seeing the noble lady take pity on him.

For the first time in his life he was spoken to affectionately. The interview lasted a long time, and during it the excitement in

the palace was great. Those who had aided in overthrowing the young Czar were filled with fear lest the empress, yielding to her good impulses, should restore the sceptre to the one to whom it rightfully belonged.

Their hopes and fears alike proved groundless. The empress ordered the boy taken back to his dungeon.

Six years passed away. Elizabeth died and Peter III ascended the throne. He, too, desired to make the acquaintance of the prisoner of Schlüsselbourg. He did not have Ivan brought to the palace, but went instead to his prison to visit him. He represented himself as an old friend of his family, come to talk with him about his mother, and to bring with him the hope of liberty.

As we have stated, no pains had been taken with Ivan's education. He knew absolutely nothing of the usages of good society, but his natural talents were so great that, with a little training, he would have been a fit successor of Peter the Great.

At the end of a long talk with the prisoner, Peter III carried away such a favorable

opinion of him that he decided to make him his heir. A few days after this visit, the emperor was murdered, and his wife Catherine II was proclaimed Empress. She destroyed the will which was intended to open the prison door of the unhappy Ivan.

Not hearing the hour of his deliverance sound, Ivan thought that he was forgotten, and he resigned himself to his fate. Still it was much harder for him to do this after having had a generous woman pity him, and a man, generous, too, visit him and say to him, "You shall be free; you shall be king!"

Ivan was wrong; he was not forgotten. History, which promises us the truth, often leaves us with dark suspicions hanging over royal memories. Was Catherine II innocent of the murder of Ivan III? It is generally believed that she was not; still it cannot be affirmed positively. No one knows whose was the mind that planned the dreadful plot which ended in the murder of the imprisoned Czar, but this is what happened:—

During a night in July, 1764, while Ivan was sleeping in his prison-cell, dreaming,

perhaps, of the happy days which had been promised him, Wasiti Mirowitsch, an officer who had command of the young Czar's jailers, wakened his soldiers, drew them up in line of battle, and told them that there was in the prison a great prince, who was the rightful heir to the throne, and that he was waiting to be delivered by them. They accordingly burst open the door, rushed forward to free the prisoner, and found — a *corpse:* Ivan had just been assassinated!

At the first movement of the guards, the governor of the fortress had entered Ivan's cell by a secret door. He had known for several days of the popular uprising to be made in favor of the prince, and had been ordered to kill the prisoner in case the door of his cell should be broken open by his liberators. It was broken open, and the man, in obedience to the command he had received, gave his subordinates the signal for the murder. Wasiti Mirowitsch was put to death for treason, and Catherine no longer had to tremble for her power at the mere mention of the name of Ivan III.

LOUIS XVII

THE DAUPHIN

IN a corner of the park at Versailles, there was once a carefully tended flower-bed, where the flowers seemed to delight in blooming for the little gardener who cultivated the enclosure. Every morning early the boy came to gather roses for a bouquet for his mother, Marie Antoinette. This was the first thing she saw on awakening.

No kind of weather could keep the little dauphin from going out to work in his garden. "One day," writes the Duke de Maille, "when the sun was very hot, I saw the little prince spading away around a Spanish jasmine with so much energy that great drops of perspiration rolled off from his forehead. I wanted to call the gardener to do the work for him, but he would not consent to it. 'I want to do it myself,' he said. 'I want to

make these flowers grow to please my mother. She likes them because I tend them.'"

Many charming anecdotes are told of the royal gardener. He had a pretty little dog named Moufflet which he loved very much. Next to his mother and his flowers, Moufflet received his attentions. He liked to chase up and down with him in the park. On one occasion, his governess, Madame de Tourzel, alarmed at seeing him run so fast, said to the queen, "He might fall." "He must learn to fall," was the reply. "But he might hurt himself." "He must learn to suffer," said the queen, little dreaming that the poor child would serve a long and cruel apprenticeship to suffering.

The young prince was not always docile and studious. One day he was punished for disobedience by having Moufflet taken away from him and shut up in a closet. At first the dog howled, then he barked and scratched at the door, and finally he yelped so loud that his master could stand it no

longer. He ran to his mother with tears in his eyes and said: —

"Mamma, Moufflet is crying, and he hasn't done anything bad. He oughtn't to be punished. If you will let him come out, I'll go in there and stay as long as you want me to."

His request was granted. Moufflet was set at liberty, and the boy took his place in the closet without a word of complaint, remaining there until his mother was willing for him to come out.

Soon a terrible day in the history of France arrived. The Bastille fell under the cannon-shot of the Parisians, and the will of the people compelled the king and his family to go to live in the Tuileries. They had to bid adieu to the beautiful palace of Versailles, to the little garden, and to the flowers that were to die for want of care. To console the child they said, "You shall have flowers in Paris." "But they won't be mine," said the boy.

Poor little heir of sixty-six kings! He regretted his flowers, and it was his crown that he was about to lose!

He had another garden at the Tuileries, however. At the end of the long piazza a small enclosure was made, where he went to work every day, under the eyes of a detachment of the National Guards. At first the escort was small; the boy invited them all inside the enclosure and distributed flowers among them.

By degrees the number grew larger, and the garden was too small for him to do the honors of his little realm to all, so he said to the ones crowding around the fence, "I am sorry, messieurs, that my garden is so small that I cannot ask you all to come inside."

The prison of the royal family was large at first. It extended to the walls of Paris. The queen took daily walks with her son, going often to visit hospitals. Two footmen with large purses followed the dauphin about the corridors, stopping to lay an offering on every bed.

Shortly before the 20th of June, the king and his family were imprisoned in the Temple. It is not for us to judge of the good or evil import of that day, June 20, 1792,

which decided the fate of royalty in France. Then cannon were planted in the very apartments of the King's Guards. The son of Louis XVI, who was no longer heir to the throne, since royalty was abolished, shared all the fears and dangers of that eventful date, and when, on the succeeding one, he still heard the sounds of strife, he ran to his mother in alarm, crying, "Oh, mamma, isn't yesterday over yet?" It was not; the yesterday lasted till the 10th of August, and on the morrow, the royal family were prisoners in the tower of the Temple.

THE PRISONER

The prince was still too young to fully realize the extent of his misfortune. His greatest sorrow was caused by seeing his mother and his Aunt Elizabeth weep all the time. He had his little flower-garden in the prison yard as he had had at Versailles and the Tuileries.

The king was a good father, and he gave a great deal of attention to his son's educa-

tion. He rose every morning at six and prepared lessons for him. At ten the family assembled in the queen's apartment and devoted themselves to study. These hours of respite were indeed sweet for the prisoners; they seemed for the moment to forget their past greatness, and the dangers of the future. Too often, alas, noises from the street interrupted these peaceful family reunions. Hoarse voices, clamoring for the death of the royal prisoners, reminded them that, after the sacrifice of their throne and their liberty, they could no longer count upon their lives.

In these cruel moments, the courage of Louis XVI steadily increased. This courage, which consisted only in knowing how to endure suffering, caused him to calmly face the storm which threatened him, and to encourage his family by both his words and his example.

Time passed on. The year of 1793 began. The dauphin was not told of the great dangers threatening, and his father's calm face gave him no hint. Finally Monsieur de Malesherbe came to read the death sentence to the king.

Then came the anguish of parting. No pen could describe the scene of the last farewell. The prince did not yet know what was going to happen, but as he stood between his father's knees, the public criers just outside the Temple proclaimed the death sentence and the hour of the execution. Then the boy knew all. He grew pale and trembled in every limb. He left his father and rushed out into the corridor. The guards stopped him and asked him where he was going.

"To speak to the people!" he cried.

"It is impossible. You cannot go out."

"Oh, let me, I beg of you!" he entreated, with clasped hands. "Let me go and kneel before the people, and beg them not to kill my father!"

An officer led the boy back, but he was a prey to the most violent grief and despair, and it was only after a stern command from the king that he became calm.

THE KING

The execution took place at the appointed time. The queen was now a widow, and the

children fatherless. For a long time nothing was done except mourn for the one who was gone forever. Finally the queen realized that she herself must continue the education of her children. Assisted by Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, she devoted herself to her duties.

A young tutor named Paris was given to the prince later. He was a man of rough speech and abrupt manners. He was especially rude when he addressed the prisoners of the Temple. This was the reason why the people had been so willing for him to become the guardian of the son of Louis XVI.

One day, when the young man was present, the queen discovered a paper which had been hidden in Madame Royale's harpsichord. Paris purposely turned away so that she could read it unobserved. She ran her eyes hastily over it. It was a plan for escape for herself and her children, the dauphin and Madame Royale. She concealed the paper, but Paris came up to her and said in a low tone: —

"Do you consent, madame? We are all ready."

At first the captives gave themselves up to the deceitful hope offered them. For a few days they were almost happy. This did not last long, however. The guards of the prison were soon redoubled, and all hope of escape had to be abandoned.

The prince was now taken away from his mother and sister. Marie Antoinette, the queen, was sent to the guillotine, and the king's sister Elizabeth soon followed her.

When the dauphin learned of his mother's death, he asked those around him what law could prevent him from mourning, even if he were in prison. A man came up to him, raised his arm as if to strike him, and said, roughly, "Hold your tongue, Capet; we don't like arguers."

This was the shoemaker Simon, the young king's new jailer. Under his care, the boy did not even have study for consolation. Simon hated books; he tore up and burnt

those belonging to the prisoner, and gave him a thick pamphlet entitled "The Rights of Man" to read.

Neither did he like walking; so the young king was not permitted to go out in the prison grounds. Simon did not like birds; the two pet canaries that Madame Elizabeth had raised for the king, were taken away from him. But Simon loved to drink, and he would sit down at a table and shout, "Here, Capet, take this and fill it for me!" It was hard for the boy to obey, but, at the slightest murmur, he was so severely and brutally punished that he had to resign himself to becoming the servant of this terrible advocate of equality.

Simon was often in a gay mood; then he liked to sing; but he did not like to sing alone. And, although he knew only the dreadful songs sung around the guillotine, the boy had to join in with him unless he wanted to be beaten.

Simon did not favor religious ideas; he expressly forbade his charge to pray to God under pain of punishment. One night he

came upon the boy kneeling beside his cot, his hands clasped as if in prayer.

"What are you doing there, Capet?" he shouted. "Tell me, or I'll kill you!"

The terrified child confessed that he was saying over a little prayer his mother had taught him. Simon grasped him by the arm and thrust him into a dark closet, keeping him there several days with nothing to eat except bread and water.

Simon's wife was often moved to pity at sight of the child's cruel sufferings. She tried to make his lot a trifle less hard, and, unknown to her husband, she procured him some pleasures. Once she told this cruel jailer that it was inhuman not to give little Capet a single plaything.

"You're right," replied Simon. "Children need amusement."

The next day he brought him a toy guillotine. The child covered his eyes with his hands in his terror at sight of it, and exclaimed, "I'll never touch it; I'd rather die!"

Simon rushed at him with a club and

would have killed him, had it not been for the intervention of Dr. Naudin, who had come to attend Simon's wife, she being ill at the time.

When the doctor came to make another visit, the boy ran up to him and gave him a pear which he had saved from his supper, saying: —

" I have nothing but this fruit to give you to show you how grateful I am to you. Take it, please; it will give me so much pleasure."

Later, Simon asked to be relieved from the care of the young king, and his request was granted.

Louis's prison was changed to a smaller one. His supply of air was lessened, his window was smaller and the bars were closer together. The care of his person and his clothing was left to himself. The entrance to his cell was sealed up, so to speak, and his food and drink were passed in to him through a small opening in the wall. Left in perfect solitude, without any attention whatever, his clothing and the bedding were soon ragged

and filthy, and he was reduced to the most abject misery.

Sometimes, when he was huddled up under his rags trying to keep warm, the guards not hearing him would call out, "Where are you, Capet?" He would then jump up, and reply, "Here I am; what is it?"

Satisfied that he was still alive, the guard would pass on, leaving the miserable boy to find comfort in sleep.

As was to be expected, his reason finally left him; his back was bowed over as if bent with the weight of life. All his moral faculties deserted him.

The end was not long in coming. Louis XVII died June 1, 1795, in the beginning of his eleventh year, an innocent martyr to the cause of liberty.

The Dauphin, Louis XVII., in Prison.

From painting by Scherrer.

NAPOLEON II

ON the morning of March 20, 1811, at nine o'clock, 101 shots from the cannon of the *Hôtel des Invalides* of Paris proclaimed the birth of an heir to the throne of Napoleon I, Emperor of France. All Paris went wild with joy at the glad news. Bells rang, bands played, and couriers at once set out to bear the tidings to the provinces. A balloon ascended from the Champs-de-Mars, and an intrepid aeronaut, Madame Blanchard, sailed from village to village around the city, dropping money and bulletins announcing the birth of a son to the emperor. By night, all the chief cities of France knew of the event, which they celebrated by grand illuminations.

The city of Paris presented Marie Louise, the empress and mother, with a magnificent silver cradle for her son. It was in the form of a ship, supported by four cornucopias, beside which were statues representing

Power and Justice. At the head were a shield bearing the emperor's monogram and a statue of Victory, holding a crown, in the centre of which blazed the star of Napoleon. At the foot was a young eagle with spread wings, its eyes fixed on the shining star. This cradle is now kept among the crown jewels of Austria.

June 7, 1811, the young prince was baptized with great pomp at the cathedral of Nôtre-Dame. The ceremony was followed by all sorts of popular amusements. All day long there were games, tournaments, and the distribution of charities to the poor. At his birth the imperial prince had received the title of King of Rome, and that city held a several days' celebration of the baptism of its little sovereign.

The child, to whom destiny promised so much, grew and throve, and was the delight of his fond father. The latter passed nearly all his spare moments in his boy's company. He loved to romp with him on the floor, to make grimaces for his amusement, and to daub his face with gravy at the table, to the

Napoleon receiving Portrait of his Son.

From painting by Bellangé.

undisguised annoyance of his governess, Madame de Montesquiou.

There was nothing extraordinary about the life of the young prince during his first three years. He resembled other children, and disliked the etiquette and ceremony which constantly surrounded him. One day, when he had been especially obedient, he was asked what he would like as a reward for his good behavior.

"Let me go out and play with the little boys in the street," was the prompt reply.

Sometimes he showed violent passion at any contradiction. Once, when he was rolling on the floor and screaming with all his might, his governess closed all the windows. This aroused his curiosity; he at once grew quiet and asked her why she did that.

"For fear some one will hear you," replied the lady.

"Hasn't the son of the emperor a right to cry?" asked the boy.

"Not in that way. I am sure the French people would not like to have you for their prince if they knew how angry you get."

"Do you think any one heard me?"

"To be sure."

"I'm so sorry! I'll never do it again, Mamma Quiou."

He was very independent, and like his father, loved to command. The emperor had forbidden him to come to his private office unless accompanied by his governess. One day the boy presented himself at the forbidden spot, and said imperiously to the usher:—

"Open the door!"

"Monseigneur knows very well that he cannot go in without Madame de Montesquiou," replied the man.

"Open the door, I tell you. I am the King of Rome!"

In spite of this peremptory order the door remained closed, as no one dared violate an order given by the emperor.

Just at this moment the governess appeared, in search of her charge. The boy ran up to her, took her hand, led her back, then, with a withering glance at the usher, said:—

"Now, open the door!"

He told his father what had happened. Napoleon was glad to know that he had been so well obeyed, and he took the occasion to give his son a lesson in discipline.

Other anecdotes show the child's generosity and kindness of heart. While standing at a window one day amusing himself watching the passers-by, he saw a woman and a little boy in mourning, on the street just below him. The child held a paper up as if he wished the prince to see it.

"Why is that little boy in black?" he asked.

"Because his father is dead, doubtless," replied his governess.

"I believe he wants to give that paper to me," continued the child. "I should like to see him and talk to him."

Madame de Montesquiou sent a messenger to bring the two up to the apartment. When they were there, the boy handed the paper to the little prince. It was a petition for a pension, as the woman was the widow

of an officer who had been recently killed. The prince was greatly impressed as she told her story with tears. He gave the little boy some playthings, and promised to carry the petition to his father himself.

The next day, on making his daily visit to the emperor, he said: —

"See, papa, here is a petition from a little boy who was dressed all in black. He says that his father was killed in your wars, and he wants some money for his mother, as she is very poor."

"Aha! so you're granting pensions already, are you? You're beginning early. Well, I'll see that the woman gets the money."

The pension was sent at once, with orders to pay for the last year also.

Empress Josephine, Napoleon's first wife, had been compelled to give up her place on the throne to Marie Louise, the mother of the King of Rome. She wanted to see the child, and an interview to take place at Bagatelle was arranged for. The ex-empress was much affected at sight of the prince.

She took him on her lap and kissed him affectionately.

He, on his part, persistently eyed a superb bracelet she wore. Finally, he said: —

"Your bracelet is very pretty. If a poor man had it, it would make him rich, wouldn't it?"

"I think it would, dear."

"Well, I saw a beggar in the park. Shall I go and call him? He needs a new coat and I haven't any money."

"But the emperor will give you some, if you ask him."

"Oh, he did when I started, but I have given it all away. You look so kind, madame, I thought you would be willing to do a thing that is so easy."

Josephine promised to look after the poor man, and the boy was satisfied. A meeting between the two did not take place again. Marie Louise heard of the visit, and she begged the emperor not to repeat it.

The reign of Napoleon was now nearing its end. After the disaster of Leipsic, the emperor came to Paris to make a fresh

appeal to the devotion of the nation. Before his departure for the army he received all the officers of the National Guards at the Tuileries, and confided to their care his wife and son, the child being then three years old.

The kiss of farewell given them was the last they were ever to receive from his lips. On March 29, 1814, the army of the allies being at the gates of Paris, the family of the emperor left the city at ten o'clock in the morning for Blois.

The little prince thought at first that this was to be an ordinary pleasure-trip, such as he had often taken before. But he soon seemed to realize that something was wrong. He remembered that his father had bidden him not to leave the palace, and he refused to go. When they took him by force he screamed and clung to the railings of the staircase.

"I don't want to go! I don't want to go!" he cried. "Papa told me to stay here!"

They halted at Orleans for a time, and the King of Rome received the children of the notables of the city. He distributed

bonbons among them, with the words, "I would like to give you something more, but I haven't anything."

The royal family were soon obliged to leave France. They went to Austria to the court of the emperor, and the child's misfortunes then began in earnest. The mother and son were given the palace of Schoenbrunn for their home. Here they were guarded by Austrian sentinels, in accordance with the commands of the allied powers.

In a few months, all the French attendants who accompanied the exiles were sent back to their own country, with the exception of Madame de Montesquiou, the governess, Madame Soufflot, the assistant, and Madame Marchand, whose son was with the emperor. The letters of Napoleon to his wife were opened and read before they were given to her, and finally they were withheld altogether. For a long time she did not know whether he was alive or dead.

Soon, it was noised about in Schoenbrunn that the emperor had escaped from Elba, where he had been banished, and had re-

conquered his throne. Marie Louise heard the news late at night. Hastening to her son's room, she awakened him with tears and embraces.

"What is the matter, mamma?" asked the bewildered child.

"The emperor is in Paris!" she replied in a whisper.

"Let us go to see him right away!" said the prince, eagerly.

Alas! he was never again to see his idolized father. The battle of Waterloo was fought June 15, 1815. After this crushing defeat, Napoleon abdicated a second time. He was banished to the island of St. Helena, and he remained there until his death, in 1821.

On the downfall of Napoleon, his son had been proclaimed Emperor of the French, with the title of Napoleon II. Fearing to encourage hopes that could never be realized, the sovereigns of Europe required the Emperor of Austria to separate the prince from his mother, and to allow no French person to communicate with him. Marie

Louise was made Duchess of Parma, with orders to go at once to her new home, and Madame de Montesquiou was sent back to France.

"Oh, how I would love to go with you!" exclaimed the prince on bidding her farewell. "Grandpapa says I cannot, but when I am grown up I shall come to see you, and I shall come all alone!"

September 15, 1815, when the boy was four and a half years old, he was given a German tutor, Captain Foresti. Until that time he had spoken only French. He clung to that language as desperately as he had clung to the stair-railing at the Tuileries. When his tutor tried to make him say some German words, he absolutely refused to do so, exclaiming, "Never! Never!"

"One would have thought," said the captain, referring to this, "that he was afraid of losing his nationality. He held out for a surprisingly long time, but he had to yield at last."

But nothing could ever make him forget his illustrious origin. When he was cheered

in the streets of the city, he would say sadly, "That is all very fine; but I see that I am no longer King of Rome; I have no pages."

As the boy grew up, he developed excellent qualities; he was kind to his servants and respectful to his teachers, but he was suspicious and yielded only to reason. He never held grudges and was ever the first to offer his hand after a misunderstanding. When he was still very young, he showed great will power by correcting faults of behavior or character as soon as he knew of them.

His tastes were military from the first. When Hummel was painting his portrait, he talked with the boy about his future.

"I want to be a soldier," he said; "I want to fight and scale walls."

"But you might find bayonets on top of them," suggested the artist.

"No matter; I should have a sword to use against them."

The prince had always been addressed as "Sire" or "Your Majesty." On visiting

his grandfather one day, he heard some one announce the Duke of Reichstadt.

"Who is this new duke?" he inquired.

"Yourself, monseigneur; that is the title His Majesty has given you."

"But why? I would rather be called King of Rome."

"It cannot be."

"But I want to know why!"

The emperor now came up to his grandson, took the boy in his arms, and promised to tell him all later, if he would be obedient.

This was in 1818, and the prince was now deprived of his name, his last French possession. Henceforth, he was François-Charles-Joseph, Duke of Reichstadt, an Austrian prince. The arms of France disappeared from his escutcheon and were replaced by those of Austria. He made no complaint at all this, hiding his sorrow from all the world around him.

The Emperor of Austria loved his charge tenderly, and was much in his company, often taking meals with him. It is said that

for a long time the old man cherished the secret hope of a throne for his grandson; but his good intentions were thwarted by the opposition of the Holy Alliance.

July 22, 1821, Captain Foresti was bidden by the emperor to tell the prince of Napoleon's death. It was a difficult task to perform. The captain's white face attracted the boy's attention, and he asked his tutor if he were suffering.

"Yes," was the reply; "not on my own account, but on yours, Duke."

The boy guessed the truth at once. "Oh, my father!" he sobbed; "they have killed him at last!"

It is a mistake to think that the education of Napoleon II was intrusted to teachers who tried to destroy his natural impulses. When he was twelve years old, he was told of his father's glorious career. He was also told about himself, and what he would have become if his father had been successful, but he was made to understand that the peace of Europe depended largely upon his resignation to his fate.

No one ever tried to destroy his love for his father. His chamber was adorned with paintings and trophies which constantly reminded him of the famous man he was never to see again. After Napoleon's death, he went on May 5, every year, with his uncle the Arch-Duke Charles, to a church in Vienna, where a mass was said in memory of the illustrious emperor.

There is little more to be said about the boyhood of Napoleon II, henceforth known as the Duke of Reichstadt. All agreed in praising his wit, talents, and rare intelligence. Like all Austrian princes, he became a military man. From early childhood, he wore a uniform — an Austrian one, under which beat a French heart. He received a brilliant education, and he read and re-read, night and day, the history of his father's brilliant exploits.

Like that father, he possessed a fiery imagination, but he was frail, and his ardent longing to go back to France seemed to sap his strength. In 1826, a young Frenchman,

Charles Boudeuil, visited the young prince and tried to excite his ambition by telling him that all France was eager for his return. As he talked, he drew from his bosom a tri-colored cockade and offered it to the duke, telling him that it was a talisman which should open the way to the throne. At sight of the national colors, the young man felt a thrill of patriotism and exclaimed with emotion: —

"Tell the French people how I felt at the sight of the cockade you have given me, and assure them of my desire to show myself a worthy son of the Emperor Napoleon!"

This energy lasted but for a few moments; then he was heard to murmur bitterly: "What do they want of me? They think I have the genius of my father!"

After this episode, no Frenchman was permitted to talk to the duke. An exception was made in the case of Marmont, one of the emperor's marshals. The prince did not wish to receive him at first, believing him to have been unfaithful to his father.

What passed at the interview is not

known, but young Napoleon accompanied the marshal out, and said to the officers of his household: "Messieurs, I present to you Marshal Marmont, one of my father's companions in arms. I know him now, and I can say of him as was said of Chevalier Bayard, 'He is without fear and without reproach!'"

After the year 1830, when it was definitely decided that the prince was never to return to his native land nor to possess any French territory, his health began to fail. All hope was now lost to him forever. In 1831 he took command of his regiment for the first time. He entered with enthusiasm upon the performance of his military duties, but after three days he was too hoarse to speak aloud. A cough, which caused much alarm, followed this.

His physical constitution, like his fate, was most unusual. His stomach and lungs were too small, and his brain was too large. Then, too, the life he led was fatal to his health. He loved and respected his grandfather, without being able to forget that the latter was his

jailer. In his will, his father had bidden him remember that he was a French prince, and fate had made him an Austrian officer!

To escape from his painful thoughts, he worked constantly, dividing his time between military drills and study. Nothing pleased him more than to master spirited horses. He conquered them as he would have liked to conquer his destiny, but his activity was beyond his strength. Many times, Dr. Malfatti, his physician, found him stretched out on a couch, entirely exhausted.

"I am so disgusted with this wretched body of mine, which refuses to obey the commands of my will!" he said, on one of these occasions.

"You cannot change that as you do your horses," replied the physician. "You must be careful, Duke; you have a soul of fire and a body of crystal."

In August, 1831, he was attacked by a catarrhal fever, but he would consent to keep his bed for only one day. Disease was epidemic among his troops, but he would not

remain away from them. At last the doctor interfered, and prepared a document informing the emperor of the danger to which the duke was exposed. This he read in the presence of the two.

"You have heard what the doctor says, Duke," said the emperor, turning to his grandson. "You must go back to Schoenbrunn and rest."

The duke was white with anger. He turned to the doctor and said scornfully, "So it is to you that I owe my imprisonment!"

His anger was short lived, however, for he really liked the kind physician.

Two months of rest quite restored the young man. He was able to eat and sleep, and his face lost its pallor. The pains in his chest ceased, and if, at this epoch, he had been sent to a milder climate, his life might have been prolonged.

Instead, he returned to Vienna and passed the winter at the emperor's palace. In the beginning of 1832, his last year on earth, he felt well enough to resume his military

duties. But after a few days of exercise he was attacked with fever and was obliged to give up all work. From that time his health failed steadily. He struggled against fate, but he felt himself in the grip of a hand of iron that was crushing him. "So young!" he exclaimed. "Is there no help for me? My birth and my death will be the only memories I shall leave after me."

The duke returned to Schoenbrunn for the last time, May, 1832. He was weak, still, in pleasant weather, he was permitted to ride out in a carriage or on horseback, with the advice to be moderate.

One damp, foggy day, he was seen galloping up and down on the *Prater*. The same evening he went out to drive. Part of the harness breaking, he alighted to fix it, when his strength deserted him and he fell down in a faint. This was followed by an attack of pneumonia.

Celebrated physicians were now consulted, and they agreed in recommending a trip to Italy; but it was too late. He received the most affectionate care of the members of the

royal family. His mother was sent for, and she reached Vienna, June 24. The meeting between the two was affecting and, after it, the duke seemed to revive. The improvement did not last, however; the invalid knew that his end was near, and he talked calmly of death. It is said that near the last he asked to see the cradle given to his mother by the city of Paris. It was brought and placed beside him. He looked at it and said to those around him: —

"Here are the two extremes of life. Between that cradle and my bed there are only my twenty-one years, my name, and my misfortunes."

He then wept bitterly.

July 21, 1832, he awoke at midnight with a start, and cried, "I am dying — mother — France!"

These were his last words. His body rests in Vienna, in the church of the Capuchins. The *Gustave Wasa* regiment, of which he was colonel, still bears his name on its flags, by order of Emperor Francis. A long epitaph on his tomb names the imperial

titles of his father and himself. The young prince himself composed a simpler one before his death, which was not used : —

> " Here lies the son of the great Napoleon ;
> He was born King of Rome,
> And died an Austrian Colonel ! "

TWO CHILDREN OF CHARLES I

AFTER Charles I of England had been condemned to death, he begged to be allowed to bid farewell to his youngest children, Princess Elizabeth and Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who had not been permitted by Parliament to accompany their mother, Queen Henrietta, and their brothers and sisters to France.

The king had often asked to see them when he was confined in Carisbroke Castle on the Isle of Wight. He had always been refused the privilege, but now that he was to be beheaded on the morrow, his request was granted.

On January 29, 1649, the two children, in company with the Countess of Leicester, passed through the portals of Whitehall. One was a little girl of thirteen, blonde and delicate, and the other a boy of eight, frail like his sister.

They crossed several rooms which were filled with soldiers, and at last reached the apartment where they saw their father sitting at a table writing. They rushed into his arms, and the strong man, for the first time, broke down and mingled his tears with theirs.

As soon as he could master his emotion, he talked to them, bidding them not to mourn too much for him. "I am going to die for the laws of the land," he said. He sent long messages to his wife and other children, and gave the princess some jewels to deliver to them. He also gave her the Bible he had had with him during his captivity, and from which he had received such precious consolation. He took the little duke on his knees, and said to him, solemnly: "My dear boy, they are going to cut off your father's head! Perhaps they will want to make you king, but do not forget that you ought not to be king while your brothers Charles and James are living. So I command you not to let *them make you king!*"

The child sobbed and promised that he

Family of Charles I.

From painting by Van Dyck.

would never consent to be made a sovereign, that he would be torn in pieces first. His father then bade him keep his religion and fear God.

While this interview brought great comfort to the king, it broke the hearts of the children. The memory of it never left them during their short life. They knew, in the days that followed, by the added harshness of their treatment, that their father was dead. The pension granted them by Parliament was suppressed. Their titles and their attendants were taken away from them. Cromwell even talked of having them taught a trade. The duke was to be a shoemaker's apprentice, and the princess a buttonmaker. These indignities were not accomplished, we are happy to record.

According to all authorities, princess Elizabeth was a most remarkable child. She was not only beautiful, but her face expressed her affectionate heart and keen intellect. When she was twelve years old, Count de Montreuil, the French ambassador, said of her, in a letter to his court: "She is delight-

ful to behold, and her intellect reminds one of Henry IV, her grandfather. I never before saw so much grace, dignity, and sense in any child."

English historians state that she had great superiority of judgment, and add that her intelligence greatly astonished her father, who often consulted her, and was surprised at the justice of her comments on persons and events.

But we find very little information in history concerning her after her father's death. We learn that she and her brother were confined in the same castle on the Isle of Wight, Carisbroke Castle, which had been the prison-house of their father.

This castle has been under the care of one family for generations, and fortunately the story of the life of the royal children there has been piously handed down from father to son. It runs as follows: —

One cold day in March, when the Isle was covered with snow, the two children of Charles I, dressed in deepest mourning, were brought to the castle by a body of

soldiers. They had no servants or attendants, as they had been deprived of all signs of their rank. They shivered with cold as they crossed the dreary threshold, and they were allowed to sit down before a great open fire to warm themselves. The keeper's wife was a tender-hearted woman, and the sight of the frail children moved her to pity. She brought them some refreshments; the boy ate heartily, but the girl refused everything except a glass of milk.

They were shown to their chambers, and they were so weary that they decided to retire at once. As the princess stopped before the window of her room, a sentinel on duty outside showed her the pointed window in a wing from which her father had tried to escape. The poor child burst into tears, and for a long time refused to be comforted. Finally, kissing the Bible given her by the king, she became calmer and lay down to rest.

The next morning, when the keeper's wife entered the chamber, she saw the two children all dressed, kneeling in prayer. After

breakfast, permission was given them to walk out in the court and on the ramparts of the prison. There was no chance for them to escape, as the palace was well guarded. They immediately went up to the pointed window which had been shown them by the sentinel. They leaned against the bars and wept bitterly.

Without any doubt the constant sight of this window hastened the death of the princess. It reminded her constantly of the fate of her beloved father.

She tried hard to keep up her courage for the sake of her brother. She arranged her books and few belongings in her little room, and pushed the pine table up under the window so that she could see to write. She taught her brother as long as she had strength to do so. She had him recite Latin verses, and instructed him in the history of England, France, and other countries. While he was writing out his tasks, she sat beside him sewing.

What made her lot too hard for her to bear was that she never heard a word of hope from

the outside world. She did not even know the fate of her mother and the four children who had gone with her to France. If they were free, she wondered why they did not come to liberate her and her brother.

When spring came, the children walked out twice a day. The ramparts were their favorite resort because of the window, and also because they could look out on the open country where they were not permitted to go. They could see the ships gliding over the sea like great white birds, the farmer ploughing his fields, and the village people moving about in the streets.

One day a wedding procession passed by under the wall. The attendants were singing and carrying flowers in honor of the bride. When they saw the royal children sitting so sadly on the ramparts, they ceased singing and tossed up the bouquets in token of homage. Princess Elizabeth took a gold cross from her neck, and leaning over dropped it down near the bride.

Another time they heard the sailors in the harbor singing "God Save the King."

"Listen; those men loved our father," she cried, kissing her little brother in joy.

Summer passed and autumn came. The strength of the princess now steadily failed. She was no longer able to walk out or to teach her brother. One morning, September 6, 1650, on entering her room with a glass of milk, as was her custom, the keeper's wife found her lying on her bed as if asleep, her cheek resting on her precious Bible. She had died alone in the night; how, no one will ever know.

In her hands was a paper on which were written her father's words to her and her brother at their last meeting. These have been repeated above. She was quietly buried in the church of St. Thomas, in the village of Newport near by. An arch near the altar above her grave bore the initials E. S. (Elizabeth Stuart).

After the funeral the little prince was sent back to prison. He refused to take any food, and, fearing he would die, Cromwell ordered him set at liberty. He was sent to France to his mother. The memory

Princess Elizabeth in the Tower. (Daughter of Charles I.)

From painting by Hillingford.

of his father and sister never left him. The joys of the Restoration brought no cheer to his heart. He pined away and died at Whitehall at the age of twenty-one.

The burial-place of Princess Elizabeth was long forgotten. During the reign of Queen Victoria a new church was built at Newport. The remains of the princess were removed to this, and over them a monument was erected bearing a statue of the princess, made by Marochetti. She is represented reclining, her hair flowing over her neck and breast, and her cheek resting on an open Bible.

CHILD ARTISTS

ADRIAN BRAUWER

AT Haarlem, in 1608, was born a boy, Adrian Brauwer, who was destined to become one of the world's greatest painters. His mother was very poor, and supported herself and her son by doing embroidery. Adrian was a bright, intelligent lad, and he assisted in getting the living by designing the patterns for his mother's work. He sat day after day at a table drawing buds, flowers, and vines with a pen. He had nothing to guide him excepting his natural genius, as he was too poor to think of having a drawing-master.

The mother and son lived in a little shop on an out-of-the-way street, so that Adrian rarely had the pleasure of seeing a passer-by stop to look at the drawings with which he decorated the show-window. Still, one day, the young artist noticed a stranger standing for a long time before the little pictures, smiling with satisfaction as he looked at

them. The man walked up and down past the window for a long time; once, he seemed about to enter, then, as if changing his mind, he passed on.

This event encouraged Adrian; he strove to do better with his drawings. He made an especially fine one which he placed in the window, as if he divined that his admirer would pass again. He was not disappointed, for the stranger did come; he paused in front of the window, and his smile of approval was this time even more pronounced. Adrian's heart swelled with pride, as he thought, "It is my work that attracts him; it isn't mere chance that brings him here."

Just as he had done before, the stranger walked up and down in front of the shop. He even took hold of the door-knob, as if to enter; then, for the second time, he seemed to change his mind, and walked on around the corner. Adrian felt sure that he would return, so he did his best to make still finer pictures to put in the window. The stranger did return, and he seemed to take note of the boy's progress.

This performance was kept up for a number of days. Adrian told no one of his hopes and fears, and his mother was too busy to notice the passers-by. When, at last, the man entered the shop, the widow was surprised at seeing Adrian smile at him as if he were an old acquaintance.

"Madame," said the gentleman, "is that boy yours?"

"Yes; he is my son."

"Who is his drawing-master?"

"I am my own," said Adrian, before his mother had time to reply.

"How old is he?" asked the stranger, addressing the mother.

"Ten."

"What are you going to make of him?"

"What the Lord intends him to be."

"The Lord intends me to be a painter!" exclaimed the boy in his eagerness.

"My name is Franz Hals," explained the stranger. "I am a painter, and I have been so successful that my pictures are eagerly bought by all the sovereigns of Europe. I will take your son under my protection, if

you are willing. He shall be my pupil, and I will promise to make something of him."

One can imagine the delight of Adrian and the astonishment of his mother on hearing this. The old artist wanted to take the boy away with him at once, and, as Adrian was eager to go, preparations for his departure were soon made. The kind mother wept both from grief and joy as she gave her son a farewell kiss, and Franz Hals departed, taking his new pupil with him.

For a year Hals was kind to the boy, and faithfully instructed him in the principles of art. Adrian's progress was all that could be desired, but, for all that, the master suddenly became harsh. He would not allow his pupil to work in the studio, but banished him to a garret instead, separating him entirely from his fellow-students.

Poor Adrian lived in this garret for three years. He had his brushes, palette, and easel to work with, but he was given barely enough clothing to cover his body, and only food enough to keep him from starving.

For the little he received, he was expected to pay in paintings. His companions, worried by his disappearance, asked Hals what had become of him. The artist boldly replied that the boy would never make a painter, and that, tired of seeing him profit so little by his teaching, he had sent him back to his mother.

In the meantime, Hals's pictures grew finer and finer day by day. It was said in the artistic world that the old painter had recovered all the vigor of his youth, and that his works exhibited a richness of coloring and a freshness of imagination that had not existed in them hitherto.

It is not necessary to state that the real author of these justly praised paintings, which brought large sums to Hals, was Adrian Brauwer, the poor artist who was almost starving in a garret. Adrian Van Ostade, another pupil of Hals, accidentally discovered the place where Brauwer was imprisoned. He was moved to compassion at sight of the unfortunate boy, who, according to one of his biographers, had a scarcely human appear-

ance, he was so crushed by toil and privations.

Van Ostade advised him to make his escape from the house where he had suffered so much and try his fortune elsewhere. Brauwer was so miserable and discouraged that he consented to do so, although he did not know how or where he could earn his daily bread. Hals had told him that his paintings were wretched, that he was not fit to hold a brush, and the boy had believed him.

When he at last succeeded in making his escape, he was almost naked, and he had no money excepting the little Van Ostade had given him. He was so ashamed of his appearance that he would not return to his mother's house, so he bought some bread and took refuge under the organ in the cathedral. He was very wretched, for he loved his art, yet he could not succeed in it; at least, so he supposed.

It is not surprising that the poor boy had no confidence in himself. Every time he finished a picture, his master had said: "This is even worse than the last one. I

will overlook it, though, and let you begin another; if you don't do better, I shall have to drive you off, for I can't afford to feed and clothe you."

How could Brauwer know that he was already a famous painter? A man of thirty knows whether or not he has genius, but at sixteen it is different. While Adrian was in his shelter under the organ, full of fear for the morrow, and not knowing which way to turn, one of Hals's friends discovered him and persuaded him to go back to his master, promising him better treatment. Delighted at again seeing so profitable a pupil, Hals gave the boy a warm welcome. He even opened his purse-strings and bought him some cheap but decent clothing.

A few days of happiness followed; then the master forgot his promises, and, seeing that his persecutions were about to be renewed, Brauwer again ran away. For fear that he would be found and taken back, he left the city and went to Amsterdam. Fortunately, chance led him to an inn kept by Heinrich Van Soomeren. This man had

had a taste for art in his youth, and his son had made quite a reputation by painting historical pictures, landscapes, and flowers.

Adrian was hired to help about the inn, and, because of the similarity of their tastes, he and his employer soon became firm friends. When the boy was not performing his duties, he passed his time in drawing and painting. Delighted with his attempts, Van Soomeren one day gave him a copper plaque; on this Brauwer painted an admirable picture, taking for his subject a quarrel over cards between peasants and soldiers.

While Adrian was thus gradually recovering from the effects of his harsh treatment, Hals was reaping the reward of his avarice and injustice. He saw the number of his admirers diminish daily. People wondered why this man, who seemed to have regained the vigor of his youth, should have so suddenly lapsed into old age. His trickery was suspected; the pictures which had brought him fresh renown were carefully examined. It was decided that, although

signed by his name, they were not his work. And, as evil speaking travels so quickly that it goes beyond its mark, leaving the domain of truth for that of calumny, critics went so far as to say that Hals was not the author of his early works. He was thus deprived of his merited fame for a time. He was afterwards given a place among the world's great painters.

The picture painted by Adrian on the copper plaque was hung up in the main room of the inn. It had many admirers among the patrons of the house, but none of them were capable of appreciating the artistic merit of the magnificent work. Finally, a wealthy traveller, much surprised at seeing such a picture in such a place, asked Van Soomeren how he happened to have it in his possession, stating that it was very easy to see that it was by Franz Hals, and a masterpiece at that.

Van Soomeren glanced at the poor servant, who was completely overwhelmed at the man's mistake, though he appeared to be a good judge of pictures.

"This painting must have cost you a

large sum of money," continued the traveller, addressing the innkeeper. "If you will sell it to me, I will give you five hundred ducats for it."

Here the innkeeper made a gesture, but it was to restrain Adrian's cry of surprise. Mistaking its meaning, the stranger added: "I know very well that I am not offering you what the picture is worth, but my fortune will not permit me to give more. At the price I offer, I should like to have the first choice."

"You will at least permit me to consult the author," replied the innkeeper, going straight up to Adrian, who was trembling with emotion, and whose eyes were filled with tears.

When the traveller learned that the picture was the work of Adrian Brauwer, and that the boy had been a pupil of Franz Hals, he understood everything, and willingly paid the price he had offered.

It was from that day that the artist dated his existence as a celebrated painter, and entered fully upon the career in which his

Singing Boy.

From painting by Franz Hals.

apprenticeship had been so unhappy. I regret to be obliged to record that in after life his conduct was not all that it should have been. He became too fond of the ale-houses and brawls which he portrayed on canvas with such a masterful hand.

ANTONIO CANOVA

THE little village of Possagno, in the province of Venice, has the honor of being the birthplace of Antonio Canova. Senator Giovanni Faliero was the *seigneur* of this village. On one occasion he gave a great banquet, and there appeared on his table, along with other ornamental dishes, the image of a lion, perfectly modelled in butter. This unexpected decoration was a great surprise to Faliero, and an object of general admiration.

The senator was so pleased with the really artistic work that he ordered his cook sent for, wishing to compliment him in presence of the whole company. When ushered into the banquet-room the man at once received so many congratulations that tears came to his eyes.

"But I didn't make the lion," he protested.

"Bring me the one who did, then," said Faliero, sternly.

The cook withdrew, and in a few moments the real artist, a little boy about ten years old, appeared. He was poorly clad, for his parents were not rich, and they deprived themselves of many things in order that their son might take drawing-lessons. If the guests had been surprised at the excellence of the modelled lion, they were still more so when they saw the one who had executed it. They overwhelmed him with praise; from that moment Giovanni Faliero became the patron of young Canova, and the way to success lay open before him.

He was placed in the studio of old Torreti, the foremost sculptor of the day. Two years later, when Canova was twelve, he sent his patron two baskets of flowers in marble, which to this day ornament the portico of the Faliero palace in Venice.

My readers will learn elsewhere of this great artist's title to the admiration of posterity. All the art academies of the world solicited the honor of counting him among their members. All the kings of Europe

strove to enrich their public museums with his works. Napoleon I induced him to come to France, where the greatest honors awaited him. He was made *prince perpétuel* of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome; and since his death, in 1822, this title has been bestowed upon no other artist. The funeral ceremonies with which he was honored were the most pompous ever given to any artist since Raphael.

THE TWO LAZZARONI

THERE is a popular song still to be heard in the streets of Naples, the refrain of which bids children mourn for the two little lazzaroni. And surely the Neapolitan twins were worthy of being mourned for, so pretty, amiable, and talented were they.

Their father was only a beggar. He belonged to the lowest class of society in Naples, called the *lazzaroni.* Like the beggar Lazarus of Bible history, they have no roof to cover them, and very little food and clothing. They have no ambition to earn much money. They are satisfied if they have enough to buy their *aquaiolo* and a small amount of macaroni.

Although the father of these children belonged to this class, he did not pass his time in idleness. He had musical talent, and had exercised his voice until he could imitate the warblings of many kinds of song-

birds. He played so well on the *zufolino*, a small flageolet, that he attracted the attention of the crowds of people who daily promenaded the beautiful streets of Naples.

Noticing that his children possessed musical talent, the lazzarone taught them, when they were but two years old, to blow on the flageolet, and had a large cloak made with leather pockets on the sides, one for each child to sit in. The musician then began to travel about the country with his little troupe. He would take up his station in the public square of the town he was visiting, and begin to attract attention by imitating birds. As soon as a crowd had collected, he would take his flute and play as a solo the introduction of a national air which would end as a trio. For, at a given signal, the two little musicians in his pockets would come out of their hiding-places, clamber up on their father's shoulders, and add their part to the entertainment. This strange proceeding created a great deal of interest, and everywhere the lazzarone reaped an abundant harvest of *bravi*, *bravissimi*, and,

what was better still, received a great many silver pieces.

An original idea on the part of an Italian *seigneur* of the country in which the musicians happened to be travelling put the finishing touch to the fame of the twins. This lord gave a splendid feast on the occasion of his daughter's marriage. On the table, in the midst of ingeniously contrived desserts, stood a rose-bush, seeming to be growing. From this bush issued the songs of birds; then, a moment later, the birds themselves flew out and lighted on different objects, sometimes on the guests. This surprise was greeted with shouts of admiration, as every one believed that it was the birds that had just been singing. Soon there were new songs, and a fresh flight from the marvellous bush. Then the branches were pushed down at the sides, and the astonished audience saw within the little lazzaroni, who had been imitating on their flutes the sounds which their father, at the other end of the room, made with his voice.

Encouraged by his success in his own

country, the lazzarone took his children to England. They appeared at the different London theaters, and were in constant demand at the homes of wealthy noblemen. They were even invited to appear at court. The Neapolitan beggar soon became a rich man. He had splendid apartments, rich apparel, and a carriage in which the twins were taken to visit the lords who wished to see them.

But, seeing that his children pined for the sunny skies of Italy, he took them back to Naples. Here he built for them a magnificent villa near the gates of the city. The twins, now about seven years old, loved to roam about in the country outside. As they always returned in the evening, their father gave them their liberty. One night, when a storm was threatening, they did not appear. Servants were sent to search for them, but they were not found. The next day they were discovered lying dead by the roadside. There were no marks or wounds of any kind on their bodies to show the cause of their death.

A few days later a monk reported that he had seen two little boys running along the road, on the night of their disappearance, trying to escape from the storm. He called to them to stop, but they did not heed him, and soon they were lost to his sight. It was supposed that they were struck by lightning, as there was a violent thunderstorm. This is the only explanation that has ever been offered of the death of these highly interesting children.

LESUEUR

THIS celebrated musical composer was the son of a farmer in Picardy. The boy's genius began to speak to him at a very early age, urging him along toward the fulfilment of his destiny. He used to make rustic instruments from which he could draw musical sounds, and derived great pleasure from them. The singing in the village church affected him so deeply that, for days after hearing it, he went about in a sort of stupor. The songs of birds, the sighing of the wind through the trees, everything that was harmonious and melodious in the voices of nature delighted and touched him.

On one occasion his imagination was singularly excited by hearing the music of a regiment of soldiers who were marching along the country road. He followed them for miles, then sank down by the wayside, exhausted. When he was found, he had his ear pressed to the ground, trying to catch

the last sounds of the martial band. He was carried to his home, and for days his parents thought he had lost his senses. He tried, night and day, to sing over the airs he had heard, which he could only imperfectly remember. He also tried to reproduce the band music on the kitchen utensils, and not being able to do so, he worried until he fell ill. When asked what troubled him so, he put his hand to his burning forehead and replied, "I want to learn to sing."

"Very well," replied his father, "you shall. I will take you to the choir-school at Abbeville, and they will teach you to sing all you wish."

The master of the Abbeville school could not find room for the new boy, so young Lesueur was obliged to return home. He wept all the way back, and, to console him, his father promised to take him to Amiens. True to his word, he did so on the following Sunday. The choir-master of the cathedral, moved by the entreaties of the child who so eagerly desired to learn to sing, received him into the choir training-school.

This was the beginning of the musical career of the master musician who was destined to raise the art of theatrical music to a lofty height in France. We must not forget to give due praise to the peasant father who understood his son's needs, nor to the kind choir-master, who consented to receive into his class the little boy who begged so hard to be allowed to learn to sing.

JEAN-BAPTISTE LULLI

WHEN, in 1643, the Chevalier de Guise, who was travelling in Italy, was about to return to France, he received a letter from the Duchess de Montpensier, asking him to bring her a witty child ten or twelve years old for a buffoon. After looking about, the chevalier decided upon a little Florentine, who was so singularly ugly in appearance that one had to laugh at the mere sight of him.

This child was Jean-Baptiste Lulli. His father was poor, but an excellent musician. He had taught Jean to play remarkably well on the violin by the time he was ten years old. The Chevalier de Guise had no difficulty in persuading the parents to consent to a separation that would mean a fortune to their boy.

When the two reached France, they found that the capricious princess had entirely

changed her mind. In fact, she scarcely seemed to remember that she had made any request of the chevalier. Lulli's fantastic appearance found no favor with her, and the child, who had come to France to shine in a salon, was sent to the kitchen where he became a scullion.

Little Lulli had been accustomed to meager fare at home, so he cheerfully accepted his fate. Not much work was required of him; he was well fed and clothed, and was allowed to play on his violin as much as he pleased. He made friends with and formed a little court of the servants of the household. During the day he amused them with his witty sayings, and in the evening he played for them the national airs of Naples and Florence.

While visiting at the duchess's palace, Count de Nogent happened to hear the little virtuoso as he was giving his usual concert in the servants' quarters. The count listened for a moment, then descended into the kitchen. The sudden appearance of the noble, decked out in gala attire, embarrassed

both the player and his audience. As the latter began to bow and compliment, the count remarked abruptly: —

"I came down here to listen to the music, not to receive homage. Go on, my boy; when you can do a little better I will get you a place in the king's orchestra."

Timidity was not one of Lulli's failings. He at once began to play his Florentine airs, then, as his listeners did not applaud with their usual enthusiasm, he cried: —

"Why don't you clap? Has the presence of the count changed you into donkeys?"

This remark amused the nobleman, and he gave the signal for applause by clapping noisily.

This visit changed Lulli's life. The count gave such a glowing description of the young musician's performance that the duchess desired to hear him. So as he had gone from a salon to a kitchen, he now went back from a kitchen to a salon. A princess's caprice had condemned him to obscurity; his own genius led him out of it.

The duchess soon gave a great concert in which Lulli took part. He was praised by all. The king afterward created an orchestra of violins, with Lulli as leader. This orchestra achieved European reputation.

Here ended Lulli's boyhood. He afterward became a celebrated composer, and has justly been considered the creator of modern opera in France. He achieved great fame and wealth. The king ennobled him, and his last days were full of honors.

PIETRO DA CORTONA

A LITTLE Italian shepherd-boy, about twelve years old, one day left the flock he was tending and started off for Florence. He knew no one in that city excepting another boy of his own age, nearly as poor as himself, who had gone from the same village of Cortona to Florence to become a scullion in the kitchen of Cardinal Sachetti. It was a nobler purpose than this that led Pietro to the great city. He knew that there was an Academy of Fine Arts there, and also a school where painting was taught, and it was his ambition to become a painter.

On reaching the city the boy wandered about for a long time, and finally found the cardinal's palace. A great dinner was going on, so he had to wait for an opportunity to see his friend.

"Is that you, Pietro?" was the latter's greeting at sight of his old comrade. "What are you going to do in Florence?"

"I want to learn to paint."

"You had better learn to cook, as I am doing. You will be sure then of not starving."

"Do you have all you want to eat here?" asked Pietro.

"Yes, and more too."

"I see how we can arrange matters then," replied Pietro. "As you have too much and I haven't enough, I will bring you my appetite and you may bring me some of your food."

"Agreed," said Tomasso.

As Pietro was hungry, proceedings were begun at once. The boy was smuggled into the garret where his friend lodged, and some remains from the cardinal's banquet soon followed. The two friends had a merry feast.

"Now you have food and lodging, but I don't see how you are going to study drawing," ventured Tomasso.

"With pencils and paper, as every one else does."

"But have you any money to buy these?"

"I haven't anything at all; but I said to myself on my way here: 'Tomasso works in

the cardinal's kitchen, and he must have money, and that is just the same as if I had it.'"

Tomasso looked perplexed; he then informed his friend that while there were plenty of bones to pick, money was scarce, as he had to wait three years before receiving any wages. Pietro resigned himself to his fate. The walls of the garret were white. Tomasso supplied him with charcoal, and the little artist set bravely to work, making sketches on the bare sides of the room.

By some means Tomasso managed to get a little money. He carried it to his comrade, who at once bought himself some pencils and paper. Now he could work in earnest. He used to steal out of the house at daybreak to go to copy pictures in the churches, sketch statues in the public squares, and landscapes in the neighborhood of Florence. When he returned at night, his stomach empty, but his mind nourished by what he had seen, he would find his supper waiting for him in the garret.

Soon the crude drawings on the wall disappeared under more correct ones made on

paper. This life continued for a long time, but Pietro was at last discovered. The cardinal, wishing to have his palace remodelled, visited the garret in company with his architect. Both men were struck by the excellence of the sketches they saw everywhere around them. They sent for Tomasso, thinking he must be the one who had made them.

"You shall no longer be a scullion," cried the cardinal, when the boy appeared. Thinking himself dismissed, Tomasso fell at his master's feet and exclaimed: —

"What will become of my poor Pietro if you send me away?"

The cardinal did not know what these words meant. By dint of questioning, he learned that the drawings had been made by a poor shepherd lad who had been supported in secret in the garret for two years.

"When he comes back to-night, bring him to me," said the cardinal, smiling at Tomasso's mistake, and freely forgiving him.

But the artist did not appear that night, and two weeks passed without any news of him. Finally, the cardinal learned that the

benevolent monks of a monastery near by had with them a boy who had begged to be allowed to copy a picture by Raphael, which hung in the chapel of the cloister.

The boy was Pietro. He was taken back to the cardinal's palace, and a new life began for him. He was placed at the best art schools of Rome, and he profited by his opportunities.

Fifty years later, two old men lived like brothers in one of the most splendid houses in Florence. It was said of one of them, "He is one of the greatest painters of his age;" and of the other, "He is the model for friends in all ages and climes."

RAMEAU

JEAN-PHILIPPE RAMEAU was born in Dijon, France, in 1683. It may almost be said that music was his maternal language, for his father, a talented organist, taught him to sing before he taught him to talk. As soon as the child was old enough to use his fingers, they were placed on the keyboard of a spinnet. Thus, without any special labor, and without realizing the difficulties to be met with in the mastery of his art, the child made rapid advancement in musical science, the study of which was merely a pleasure for him.

As he grew up, music was his only passion; he neglected all other studies for it. He was sent home from a college where his father had placed him, because, haunted by the one idea, he unconsciously sang during recitations, even replying to the professor's questions in tune. His exercise books looked more

like a musician's note-books than like those of a schoolboy. The head of the school told young Rameau's father to give up the idea of making anything but a musician of him.

The organist, however, ardently wished to have a scholar in the family, so he sent his son back with the recommendation to try punishment as a means of making the music-loving boy more studious. Rameau was therefore whipped, in accordance with the custom of the times, but he was such an incorrigible musician, that, as he himself said later, he even "cried in tune."

This first punishment being useless, he was shut in a dark closet. He at once set about composing a song of despair. He remembered this, and afterward inserted it in his opera of *Dardanus.*

Realizing at last that his son would never be anything but a musician, his father decided to make him a great one. He put him under competent instruction, and before he was eight years old, Rameau was distinguished. He was sent to Italy to study the masterpieces of the great composers.

By the time he was twelve, he was so proficient that he was employed as organist in the Cathedral of Clermont, in the province of Auvergne, in France. He signed an engagement for several years; but he had not then seen Paris!

He was not long in discovering that it was in that city alone that he could have free exercise of his talents, and he asked to be freed from his contract. This was refused, as the chapter did not wish to lose the services of so distinguished a musician. He tried again and again to secure a release, but the chapter remained firm. Seeing that it was useless to argue or entreat, and more and more consumed by a desire to go to Paris to study and work, Rameau decided to take matters into his own hands.

On the day of an important church festival, he took his place at the organ as usual. There was an immense audience, and every one was prepared to enjoy the sacred music to which the gifted musician could give such divine expression.

A hush fell upon the throng as the prel-

ude was played with sweetness and power. The choir began to sing; then the accompaniment suddenly changed to delirious dance music, little in harmony with the psalm. Next came the most discordant sounds. Two or three airs were played at once, some sacred, some operatic. It sounded as if many orchestras were trying to outdo one another.

The singers looked about in astonishment. Was the organ bewitched? Had evil spirits come to disturb the solemnity of the holy festival? A messenger was sent to ask what it all meant. Rameau explained that he wanted to go to Paris, and he could not unless the chapter of the Cathedral would consent to free him from his engagement. Furthermore, he would not play any differently until they consented to do so. He was offered twice his salary. This made no difference. "I want to go to Paris!" was his reply to all inducements.

A consultation was rapidly held, and it was agreed to free Rameau. When the decision was made known to him, he burst

into tears, and, seating himself at the organ, he played as he had never done before.

The fate awaiting him in Paris was glorious beyond his expectations. He worked hard, and was often discouraged, but success crowned his efforts at last. He became a rival of Lulli as a creator of modern opera. The office of Cabinet Composer was created for him by the king. He was also given letters of nobility, and made a Chevalier of Saint-Michel. The bewitched organ is still a tradition in Clermont.

MOZART

IN 1770, during Holy Week, Pope Clement XIV was officiating in the Sistine Chapel, assisted by his cardinals and many other priests. The church was filled with people, and the famous *Miserere* of Allegri was to be sung. In the vast concourse one, a boy of twelve, paid no heed to his surroundings. With his blue eyes sparkling, he stood with head thrown back, and lips apart, as if he were drinking in the divine sounds which rose from the choir. As the last notes died away, he seemed to waken from his dream. Taking the arm of a Secretary to the Austrian Ambassador, he went at once to the palace where the official was a guest. As soon as he was alone in his chamber, he began to jot down mysterious characters in a ruled note-book.

At a gathering in the evening, the music of the morning was discussed.

"What a pity," said the Ambassador, "that the whole world cannot hear that sublime *Miserere*. Allegri composed it centuries ago, and it has never been sung anywhere excepting under the dome of the Sistine Chapel. Neither kings nor emperors have been able to obtain it from the Pope. The reply to royal requests has always been that the chant is a part of the sacred treasure of St. Peter's, and cannot depart from it."

A smile of satisfaction flitted over the boy's face as he listened to the conversation of the distinguished personages.

The following day, Good Friday, he was in the same place in the church, listening again to the famous *Miserere*. This time, instead of being thrown back, his head was bent forward on his chest, and his eyes were fastened on his hat, which he held in his hand, and which seemed to have something hidden in it. His actions attracted the attention of a cardinal, who stood near by, and the priest watched him during the whole service.

In the evening there was a grand concert at the Villa Borghese. During one of the

Mozart and his Sister before Maria Theresa.

From painting by Borckmann.

numbers, a thrill of admiration passed over the entire assemblage. "It is he! It is he! The German wonder!" was heard on every hand, as a skilful hand ran over the keys in a prelude.

The player was no other than the boy, Mozart, who had been such an attentive listener in the Sistine Chapel. After the prelude, he began to sing. Then upon the ears of the wondering listeners, fell the notes of the Allegri *Miserere*, chanted with correctness and great beauty of expression. Exclamations of surprise were heard on all sides.

"He must have written it down while it was being sung," said some.

"I think I saw him doing it," replied the cardinal, who had watched him so closely during the service.

"Are you so sure of that?" asked the Austrian Ambassador, leading Mozart up to the cardinal.

"You saw me reading, not writing it, monseigneur," explained the boy respectfully but confidently.

"But you certainly wrote what you read."

"Yes, but from memory."

"From memory? Impossible!"

"It is true, monseigneur. The music affected me so deeply that every note of it remained indelibly impressed upon my mind, and writing it down was an easy task."

Princes and dignitaries now crowded around and complimented the gifted boy. Some were alarmed, however, and said: —

"He must be forbidden to repeat the song, and above all to transcribe it."

"The Pope shall decide that," said the cardinal to whom the boy had been talking.

On the following day, Mozart was bidden to appear at the Vatican. With a light heart he traversed the magnificent apartments. He was at last ushered into the presence of the Pope.

"Is it true, my child," said the great man, kindly, "that you remembered the *Miserere* after having heard it but once?"

"It is, Holy Father."

"How could that be?"

"By the permission of God, doubtless," replied the young artist.

"You are right; it is God who bestows genius, and you, my boy, are evidently one of the elect. If God has permitted you to learn the chant in this marvellous manner, it is because you are destined to compose just as beautiful ones for the Church in the future. Go in peace."

He dismissed the boy with his blessing, and by his orders rich presents were bestowed upon him.

Mozart was truly a child of genius. At the age of three he began to study music under his father. When he was six, he played on the harpsichord before Emperor Francis I of Austria.

While he was in Italy, he went to Bologna to study with Maëstro Martini, who was so celebrated for his knowledge of counterpoint. This accomplished harmonist was astonished at the boy's musical comprehension, and confidently predicted his future greatness.

From Bologna, he went to the court of

Tuscany. The grand-duke overwhelmed him with honors and gifts. His songs rang out through the art-galleries of the ancient palace of the Medici. His greatest triumph was at Naples. There the people could not believe in the boy's natural genius, but thought he was under some spell or talisman.

Mozart died while he was still a young man; "just as he was ready to work," as he himself said. His last composition was the famous Requiem Mass. The genius of Allegri, which had inspired him in his boyhood, smiled again upon him on his death-bed. A few hours before Mozart passed away, he ran over the solemn music, which, as he predicted, was sung for the first time at his own funeral.

Mozart at the Organ.

From painting by Carl Herpfer.

LEARNED CHILDREN

VINCENZO VIVIANI

ON a certain day in June, in the year 1638, a boy of about twelve, wearing the garb of a peasant, entered Florence, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. He carried his extra clothing in a bundle slung over his shoulder, and in his pocket was a very small sum of money; still he had all that his parents could afford to give him.

"You are a large, strong boy, able to work," his father had said. "I can't afford to support you any longer. Be good and industrious, and, if you keep your fear of the Lord wherever you go, be sure that some kind person will be found to aid you in getting a living."

Now, Vincenzo possessed extraordinary intelligence. Although he had learned no trade, still he could work at many things. Endowed with a marvellous insight, he seemed to divine all after being taught a little.

For instance, as soon as he had learned the alphabet, he could read. After being told that two and two make four, he mastered all the operations of arithmetic. Not knowing how to calculate according to rules, he invented an ingenious method of his own. By using small pieces of wood notched diversely, he discovered the laws of numbers and how to combine them.

The village priest translated one of the Psalms of David for him, and by the aid of these hundred lines, he read all the other Psalms. This aptitude was for mechanical as well as book knowledge. More than once, in the workshops of the village, the boy, who did not know, even by name, any of the laws of mechanics, showed experienced workmen how to overcome some difficulty by very simple means.

After entering the city, Viviani walked about the streets, in no wise cast down, marvelling at all the wonderful things he saw. Among the objects which attracted his attention, one in particular kept him standing for a long time in front of a shop. It was a

magic lantern, a rare and costly thing in those days.

As he could not imagine what it could be, he went inside and asked the shopkeeper to explain its mechanism to him. After this was done, the boy remarked that he could make a good deal of money with it if he had it, and spreading out his coins on the counter, he asked if there were enough to buy it.

"No, my boy, and ten times as much would not be enough. But since you think you could make a fortune with the lantern, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll rent it to you. You seem to be intelligent and honest. You may take it and come every week to show me what you have earned. I will charge you rent according to your receipts."

Viviani accepted this offer. He travelled around the country with the lantern, showing the people the sun, the moon, the Pope in his pontifical robes, and many other interesting pictures. They were all admired but poorly paid for, and the boy had little to show at the end of the weeks. As his shoes began to wear out, he decided to remain in

the city; he took up his stand under he porch of the Strozzi Palace, but his receipts were not much larger.

Late one afternoon, when it was raining hard, Viviani saw a man coming across the deserted street. He ran out, hailed the stranger, and exclaimed: —

"Signor, unless you consent to come and see the sun, I shall have to go without my supper to-night!"

"But the sun and I are not on good terms, my boy," said the man, who was none other than the great Galileo, who was afterward cast into prison for declaring that the earth moved around the sun.

Full of sympathy at sight of the little beggar, the great astronomer stopped and looked at the pictures. He listened to the explanations to the very end, then he questioned Viviani as to the mechanism of his lantern.

The boy replied with his usual correctness, then went on to explain several other principles of optics that he had learned from his talks with his patron.

Viviani had prophesied truly when he said that the lantern would bring him a fortune. The great man he then met by chance took such a fancy to him that he adopted him as his own son and gave him a fine education.

Viviani became one of the greatest geometricians of the seventeenth century.

CHARLES LINNÆUS, OR KARL VON LINNÉ

ON a winter evening, in 1719, a group sat around a table beside a peat fire in a little cottage in Rashult, in Sweden, the home of the village pastor. The personages of this group were the pastor himself, occupied with his Bible, the mother and two little girls, who were knitting, and a fair-haired boy of twelve, who was arranging flowers and plants in a book.

After a long silence, the pastor raised his eyes and looked around the family circle. He noted the boy's occupation and frowned in displeasure.

"At those useless plants again, instead of writing out your Latin exercise?" he said crossly.

"He is only taking care of the flowers he collected to-day," explained the mother; "he will work on his Latin now."

She rose up and took the cherished note-book, giving Charles the Latin one instead.

"You are always willing to excuse him," retorted the pastor, angrily. "You speak of the plants he found to-day. I know very well that, instead of getting his lessons, he spends his time in wandering over the country like a veritable tramp in search of useless plants. Now, he knows that I intend him to be a pastor like myself, and if he does not attend to his studies better, I shall send him to the Latin school in the village, where he will have a hard time of it."

In the weeks that followed the boy did not attend to his studies any better, and his father kept his word. Charles was sent to school in the neighboring town, and the teachers were instructed to see that he devoted his time to the study of Latin and theology. Wishing to please his father, he attended to his studies during the winter, but when spring came, he could not resist the promptings of his nature, which urged him forth over plant-covered hills and valleys.

Finally, matters came to a climax. One day, when the whole school went out for a ramble, Charles left his companions and wandered away into a valley. Here he forgot everything in the contemplation of the treasures spread out around him on every side. Night found him still collecting specimens and stuffing them into his pockets, to be examined and classified later.

When he realized the lateness of the hour, he was seized with fear. He knew the strictness of the rules of the school, and he dared not return and face the master. He decided to make himself a bed of moss beside a rock, where he passed the night.

The next day he was found by one of the servants and carried back in disgrace. The master wrote to the father, saying that his son was incorrigible, and that he would make but a poor pastor. The angry father now decided to apprentice the disobedient boy to a shoemaker.

Charles was not greatly disheartened because of this, as the occupation brought with it a certain amount of freedom. He could

go to the woods in the early morning and on Sundays. Evenings he examined and classified the plants gathered and wrote descriptions of them.

This double labor proved to be too much for him, and he fell ill. The most skilful physician of the neighborhood, Dr. John Rothmann, was summoned to attend him. The herbariums and note-books were open on a table in the sick boy's room, and they explained all to the intelligent doctor.

He took a great interest in his little patient, and on the boy's recovery he lent him a work on elementary botany by Tournefort, with the remark: "You will be a greater authority than he is some day. I have read your note-books, and I prophesy that you will become a great botanist."

Owing to Rothmann's influence, Charles did not return to the cobbler's shop. He studied under the doctor for a year, then went to the University of Lund.

While there he was very poor, and he was obliged to put his trade into practice, mending his fellow-students' shoes in order to

support himself. Olaf Celsius, one of the professors, came to his relief. He received the young student into his home, and gave him the use of his library, in return for assistance in preparing a work on the plants of the Bible.

Linnæus afterwards won the regard of Rudbeck, professor of botany in the University of Upsala. He had now emerged from obscurity, and entered upon manhood. As the old physician had prophesied, he became one of the world's great naturalists, and his name is now known to every student of botany.

JAMES CRICHTON

A SCOTCH boy of fifteen, visiting Paris in the year 1575, had notices posted up at the doors of every college. These proclaimed that James Crichton, gentleman, of the county of Perth, Scotland, would debate with any man in prose or verse in a dozen different languages on any subject whatever.

These pretensions excited the raillery of the students. Fifty of them accepted the challenge, and a day was set for the controversy. To frighten young Crichton, he was told that he would have to reply to at least fifteen hundred questions. He replied that, provided the day was long enough, they might give him two thousand, as five hundred more or less would mean merely a matter of time and not of study.

While the adversaries were preparing themselves for the intellectual tilt, Crichton was enjoying himself, as he excelled in every kind of manly accomplishment.

The important day at last arrived. The exercises were to take place in Navarre College. Crichton did not appear at the appointed hour, and the rumor spread that he had left the city, afraid to meet such a formidable array of scholars.

This report was soon shown to be false by the appearance of the hero. He greeted the assembled company courteously, explaining that he had been stopped on the way and forced to fight a duel with one of the noted ruffians of the time, and that, after despatching his adversary, he had hastened to keep his appointment.

This explanation was received with loud applause, as skill in the use of the sword was thought much of in those days of lawlessness.

The exercises now began, and the fifty scholars in turn questioned Crichton, in English, Italian, French, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabian. The young man was perfectly at his ease. Sometimes he would reply in Arabic to a Greek question, or in Hebrew to a Latin one, using twelve different languages with equal skill.

The contest was a triumph for him. When it was over, the regent of the college presented the victor with a diamond and a purse of money.

The learned youth afterwards visited Venice, Rome, and Padua, where fresh victories awaited him. "He filled us with terror," says a writer of the times; "for he knew more than a mere man should know."

When he was twenty-two years old he went to Mantua. Here he met and killed in duel a noted murderer, upon whose head a price had been set, and whom every one feared to meet. Crichton distributed the prize money between the widows whose husbands had been the ruffian's latest victims.

After this, the Duke of Mantua made the young Scotchman the tutor of his son, Vincentio di Gonzago, a dissipated youth. One evening, during a carnival, as Crichton was roaming about the streets with his sword and his guitar, he was attacked by a dozen masked men. He defended himself so vigorously that soon there was only one adversary left, and he was disarmed. Crichton raised the

man's mask, and to his surprise, he saw that it was the prince.

The intrepid scholar excused himself for being so harsh, never dreaming that his pupil was one of his would-be assassins. He took his own sword and offered it to the young man, holding it by the point. As soon as the prince saw his opponent disarmed, he sprang upon him and thrust the weapon into his breast.

Crichton, who was surnamed the "Admirable," met this untimely death when only twenty-three years old.

JOHANN-JOACHIM WINCKEL-MANN

IN the little village of Stendhal, in Germany, in 1729, was a cobbler's shop, which served as the home of its owner, Herr Winckelmann and his son, Johann-Joachim, a boy of twelve.

The sympathy between the two was very great, and often while the father worked at his bench, little Johann read to him. The book the boy liked best was a German translation of Homer, which he had received as a prize at school.

The old man would have preferred the Bible, but he loved his son so much that he tried to share his raptures over the stories of the gods and goddesses of antiquity. The humble shop, the sordid poverty, everything was forgotten in the splendor of the images called up by the poet's noble lines.

From his earliest childhood, Johann showed

a decided taste for everything connected with ancient art. He soon attracted the attention of Herr Toppert, the rector of the college of Stendhal, who took him into his family after the cobbler became paralyzed and was taken to a hospital.

In a short time the pupil excelled in all his studies, but especially in Greek. He loved Herodotus, and especially Homer. This poet made him comprehend all the beauty of classic art, the ideas of which haunted him before he had ever seen the masterpieces.

His mind constantly dwelt on antiquities, and he obtained permission to take a band of boys and make excavations in an old field not far from the college, where some Roman relics had been found.

The expeditions proved to be successful, and under young Winckelmann's direction, two beautiful Etruscan or Hellenic urns were discovered. These were carried in triumph back to the college by the happy pupils, headed by their leader.

They were afterward donated to the Museum of Schausen, where they may be

seen at the present time. Young Winckelmann was too poor to continue his studies, as he spent nearly all his earnings on his father. He decided at last to apply to Count von Bünau, a wealthy man who was a patron of art. The latter employed him as secretary, and gave him the use of his fine library.

Cardinal Archisto, who came to visit the count, met Winckelmann, and he was at once struck by the youth's learning on matters pertaining to ancient art. "You should go to Rome," he said.

This remark was the electric spark which set fire to the youth's long-cherished dreams. An appointment to a position in the Vatican was secured for him on condition of his becoming a Catholic.

At last he was in Italy, and the dreams of his boyhood began to be realized. He studied the treasures everywhere to be seen, and became one of the most noted critics of the world on matters pertaining to ancient art. He wrote many books on the subject, one of which, "History of Ancient Art," is read and studied to this day.

GASSENDI

THE parents of little Gassendi lived in the village of Champtercier, in France, in 1592. Although brought up amidst the humblest surroundings, the child showed a taste for learning, especially for the study of astronomy, when he was very young. Often when his parents thought he was safe in bed, he was outside, sitting on some high point where he could get a view of the heavens.

These nocturnal trips were finally discovered in the following manner: a band of rough boys, who were in the habit of robbing fig and olive orchards at night, in one of their excursions came upon little Pierre sitting on a hillock studying the stars. They at once decided to accuse him of the thefts which they themselves had committed.

They ran to his home, and rapping loudly on the door, roused his father and mother.

"You sleep soundly," they cried, "while your son is out robbing orchards!"

"What do you mean?" asked a voice within.

"Come out, and we will show you," was the reply.

The mother ran to her boy's chamber and saw that he was not there. Greatly alarmed, the parents went out to follow the accusing boys.

Reaching the foot of the hill, they exclaimed: —

"There he is! he is probably resting after his labors!"

Pierre came down when he was called and listened in astonishment to the accusations made against him.

"What does all this mean?" he gasped. "Search me and see if I have anything in my pockets except the paper and pencil I use to write down what I discover about the stars."

The father was not inclined to believe this, and he threatened to punish his son unless he confessed his guilt. Poor Pierre fell on his knees, and begged to be forgiven for going out of the house without

the permission which he knew would be refused if he had asked for it.

"But what must you go out for in the middle of the night?" asked the angry father.

"Look up to the sky and tell me if the wonderful stars do not deserve being studied!"

"You must be crazy! How can you see things so far away?"

"The shepherds of Chaldea studied the heavenly bodies long ago as I am doing now, and marked out their places in the sky. Perhaps I can make discoveries as well as they, and give names to the stars. When I tell this to the priest, he does not laugh at me, and he has promised to lend me a book on the subject."

"I will go and see him to-morrow, and find out if you are telling me the truth; but now you must come home and go to bed."

The following day the father went to the priest. In reply to the villager's inquiries, the kind man said:—

"You should be happy; you have a gifted son."

"But is it necessary for him to wander about the country at night and be taken for a thief?"

"No; I can arrange that for you. There are shepherds on the hills who tend and watch their flocks from midnight till dawn. Put him in the care of some of these and let him study all he wants to. I will guide him and lend him books, and I promise you that some day he will be heard from."

At this time astronomy was in a very undecided condition. Many of the errors of the ancients, which the discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, and later Sir Isaac Newton, were to correct, were accepted by all.

So while Pierre learned much from the book the priest lent him, he learned still more by using a small telescope which belonged to his patron. He located the planets, and noted many facts hitherto unknown, which he himself was to give to the world later on.

When this little genius was ten years old, the bishop came to the village to perform confirmation ceremonies. After he entered

the church and was passing in front of a line of children, Pierre stepped out and began to deliver a speech of welcome. There was so much learning displayed in this that the bishop thought it had been prepared by the priest. He was greatly astonished to find that the boy had written it himself.

After the exercises were over, the bishop sent for Pierre's parents and asked for permission to take charge of their son's education. This was readily granted, and a week later the boy was at college at Digne. At the age of sixteen he filled the chair of rhetoric in this school. He then went to Aix to study theology, as he intended to become a priest. He gave up this idea later and devoted himself to science.

He wrote cheering letters to Galileo during the latter's imprisonment, and he shared the great Italian's opinion that the earth moved round the sun, instead of the reverse, as the ancients believed.

In his manhood Gassendi was the author of a great number of scientific books, all of which were written in Latin.

MICHAEL VERINO

ONE day in the month of June, in 1502, a funeral procession passed through the gates of Rome. The most illustrious and learned men of the city marched with uncovered heads beside a coffin in which lay a marvellous child, one of the wonders of his age.

This boy was noted not only for his learning but also for his nobility of character. He had come to Rome from Florence when he was eight years old, and it took him but two years to complete a course in literature.

When he was fourteen, he brought out a book on morals which became classic and which was translated into several European languages. It was used as a text-book in many universities, and was considered the best work on morals for the use of the young. Verino found his material in the compositions of the Greek and Latin poets.

Although he was so learned, the boy was a child at heart. He loved nothing so well as to take part in all games with his classmates. He was generous, too, and an anecdote is recorded which shows that he was not vain of his accomplishments.

The learned Paolo Lascia, who had the honor of being his master, had another pupil named Belvicino. This boy was also eager for learning, but he was not Verino's equal in ability. Not being able to keep pace with the brilliant boy, Belvicino fell sick and was in danger of dying. He would tell no one what was preying upon his mind, but Verino guessed the secret. The boy then began to do his tasks badly, and, when examinations came, Belvicino took the first place. His joy was so great because of this that his health was completely restored.

This would have never been known if Verino had not been so truthful. When his teacher, surprised at his failure, questioned him as to its cause, he confessed and begged that Belvicino might keep the place he had won in the future.

By the time Verino was fifteen years old his fame had spread throughout Italy. Great things were expected of him, but death came to claim him. His loss was considered a public calamity. If he had lived, Italy would doubtless have had one more great scholar of whom she could be proud.

DEVOTED CHILDREN

FI-KEN

IN China, in the province of Kiang, there was once a judge who used the power given him by law in such a manner that his name struck terror to the hearts of the guilty and innocent alike. He had men put to death merely to secure their estates, and he did many other equally unjust things.

A merchant named Hoang, who was much respected by all, went to the palace of the ruler of the province to complain of the cruel judge. No one would listen to him, and he was threatened with imprisonment and ruin, both for himself and his family, if he dared to come again.

The merchant was returning home, his heart filled with indignation, when he met the wicked man dragging a poor old woman along with him. They happened to be just in front of a butcher shop, and, losing control of himself, Hoang picked up a cleaver which lay on the block outside and killed the judge.

He then delivered himself up to justice. His friends tried to find an excuse for his act, but it was of no use. He was tried and condemned as a murderer.

Hoang had several children, the oldest of whom, Fi-Ken, was fourteen years old. As soon as the boy heard of his father's condemnation, he went to the emperor's palace and begged to be admitted. The monarch consented to receive him, whereupon the boy entered, prostrated himself before the throne, and asked to be allowed to die in place of the condemned man.

"My father has a large family," urged the boy. "If he is killed, there will be no one to support them. To satisfy justice, our blood must pay for that of the dead man. I offer mine. Do not refuse me."

Surprised at such extraordinary devotion, the emperor sent the boy to his minister to be questioned. He suspected that some of the father's friends had told him to make his offer in order to excite sympathy. So when Fi-Ken appeared before the minister, the latter said: —

"Who suggested to you the thought of offering your life for that of your father?"

"No one at all, sir," replied the boy, earnestly.

"You are imprudent and foolish. You expose yourself to death in your youth because you do not know the value of life," said the minister.

"I know what life is worth, but I owe mine to my father; since there is no other way to save his, I ought to give up mine willingly."

The minister offered other arguments to convince the boy that he was wrong. It was of no avail, however. The child steadily begged to be allowed to die in place of his condemned father.

Finally the minister rose and said: "Remain here until I return. You will doubtless receive what you have asked for."

Fi-Ken took these words to mean that the sacrifice would be accepted. When the officer again appeared, the boy threw himself at his feet, thanking him for the permission to die.

"But we are not going to let you die, nor your father either," said the minister. "The man who can train up such a noble, unselfish child cannot be a very wicked one."

The emperor wished to erect a monument in the memory of this devoted act, as is the custom in China. The boy begged him not to do so. "Such a monument," he said, "would remind every one of my father's condemnation."

ST. GENEVIEVE

PATRONESS OF PARIS

GENEVIEVE, who afterwards became the patron saint of Paris, was born in 422, in the village of Nanterre. What is now France was then called Gaul, and the city of Paris was named Lutetia.

In 430, two famous bishops, one of whom was Germanus of Auxerre, on their way from Rome to Great Britain, stopped at Nanterre. All the inhabitants of the village came to the holy men to receive their blessing. Among the crowd was a little girl of eight, named Genevieve. She was the daughter of shepherds, and herself tended the flocks.

The child was noted for her piety, and she approached Bishop Germanus so humbly that he took especial notice of her. His hand lingered upon her head, as if it had been suddenly revealed to him that this little shepherdess had been chosen by God

to serve as an example of goodness and mercy on the earth.

After the ceremony, he asked to see the parents of the child who had so attracted him. When they were brought before him, he said: —

"Your child is a gift from God. Guard her well. She has a wonderful mission to perform."

He then turned to the girl and asked her if she would be willing to devote herself to the Lord's service. Now this was exactly what Genevieve had always longed to do. After obtaining her parents' permission, the bishop consecrated her to her holy work then and there. He presented her with a copper medal, having a cross engraved upon it.

In spite of her extreme youth, Genevieve now became an object of veneration. She returned to her home and tended her flocks, just as she had done before her consecration. After a time, her parents died and she then went to Paris to live with her godmother.

At this time most of the people of Paris

Pastoral Life of St. Genevieve.

From painting by Puvis de Chavannes.

were still pagans, while those who did believe were not very firm in the faith. For this reason Genevieve's piety and humiliation were often scoffed at, and she was considered eccentric and visionary.

One day the dread news came that Attila, King of the Huns, that terrible barbarian who boasted that grass never grew where his horse's hoofs had trod, had crossed the Rhine, and, at the head of three hundred thousand men, was advancing upon Paris.

The inhabitants, terror-stricken, were about to flee from the city. Genevieve, the despised and insulted, gathered the women together and addressed them, begging them to remain. She exalted the power of the God she worshipped. She bade them fast and pray, and seek in Christianity the strength they needed to enable them to triumph over their fears.

At first the populace refused to listen to the brave girl, and some even proposed to stone her. Sustained by her belief in God, she pleaded again, still more earnestly. The inspiration which flashed from her eyes finally

penetrated to the hearts of her audience. Her own confidence was communicated to them, and they decided to stay. The men brought their arms for the pious woman to bless, and they determined to bravely defend their homes as she had bidden them do. As if in answer to their prayers, Attila the Terrible turned aside to besiege Orleans, where he met defeat. Paris was thus saved because of the confidence a girl of fifteen felt in the mercy of God.

Years afterwards, when Paris was besieged by Childeric the Frank, the people were in danger of starvation. It was dangerous to attempt to go out of the city past the besieging army, still some one must do it to secure provisions for those within the walls. In this dire extremity a body of men stole out with the intention of going to Arcis-sur-Aube for the needed supplies. For this perilous trip a good guide was needed. Genevieve undertook the task, and to her courage and good sense was due the success of the undertaking.

Childeric at last conquered the city. Hav-

ing heard of Genevieve, he gave orders that no French woman should be admitted into his presence. In spite of this, the brave woman managed to meet him face to face. She begged him to be merciful to the conquered ones. Her prayers were granted, and she and her sisterhood were permitted to go about freely doing good to friend and foe alike.

Clovis the Frank, the son of Childeric, was converted to Christianity, taking the vows before Genevieve.

We are happy to be able to relate that Genevieve lived to be a very old woman, notwithstanding all the dangers and hardships to which she was constantly exposed. She practised good works to the end of her life, and her memory is revered in France to this day.

HAL–MEHI

HAL–MEHI lived in Mendeli, in Kurdistan, a province of the Persian Empire. Although she was very young, the girl was a prey to melancholy, and it was in vain that her aunt, with whom she lived, questioned her as to the cause of her grief. She steadily refused to take any one into her confidence.

One day a traveller from Bassora brought to Hal-Mehi and her aunt the news of the death of an old friend, who had formerly lived in Mendeli. On hearing this, Hal-Mehi knelt down beside her aunt and cried:

"Now I can break the silence I have kept for so long. The friend who is now dead told me the secret of my birth. I am not an orphan; my father still lives, although he is in prison. Why did you keep the truth from me?"

"Did the man tell you who your father was, and how he came to be a prisoner?"

"Alas, yes; he was a general in the army

of Mirza-Abbas. He was rich and had many palaces; in one of these I was born. The favors shown him by his sovereign made others jealous of him, and he was falsely accused. Witnesses were hired to testify against him, and he was ruined. Everything was taken from him, and he was sent to prison for life. I, his daughter, long to deliver him. I have the courage to do this, but I do not know the way."

After many days of reflection, the brave girl decided to go to the city nearest the prison. It would take thirty-two days to walk the distance, but that fact did not discourage her. As she had no money, she had to find employment after reaching the town. She was taken into the family of a linen manufacturer to assist in the work of the household. As her employer was a kind-hearted man, Hal-Mehi told him her story and her plans.

"But, my child," said the merchant, "the prison can only be reached by water, and boatmen are forbidden to go near it. You will find no one to carry you to it."

"Then I must swim there," replied the determined girl. "I must see my father and save him if I can."

She went to work at once, and in a few months' time she was able to swim across the Tigris River, to the foot of the prison tower.

She took the trip many times, and at last she was rewarded by seeing her father's face at the barred window. He did not see her, however. This happened several times, but at last a happy thought came to her. She painted her name on a piece of white cloth, and, swimming out to the tower, she held the banner up, and called out to attract the prisoner's attention. He saw her, read her name, and stretched out his arms as if in blessing.

After communicating with each other for a few days, the prisoner let down a cord made by unravelling some cloth and twisting the threads together. To this Hal-Mehi tied a letter in which were some sharp files, with which he could saw the bars of his window, and these words: "Be ready to descend

to-morrow night. I will hide among the rocks and wait for you."

Hal-Mehi swam to her hiding-place the next night, her heart full of anxiety. Soon she heard her father crawling down over the uneven stones of the side of the tower. He reached the foot at last. After the excitement of the meeting, Hal-Mehi thought of getting to a place of safety. Her employer was waiting for her on the opposite bank, ready to take the prisoner to his home.

The girl plunged into the river stream, telling her father to follow her. He did so, and for a time swam along beside her, but being unaccustomed to exercise, his strength soon gave out.

"I am sinking!" he cried at last.

"O father, father!" shrieked the girl, clutching his clothing to keep him up. She put forth all her strength, but her cries had been heard, and soon the prison boatmen and guards were in full pursuit.

A cloud of arrows were shot at her. Covered with wounds, she abandoned herself to death and sank, still clasping her

beloved father. But they were not to die yet. They were rescued and taken before the governor of Bassora. He condemned them to be strangled, and they were executed on the spot.

When Mirza-Abbas heard of this, he was very angry. "I would have pardoned the father on account of his daughter," he said. He ordered a monument erected to the memory of the young heroine.

This still stands in Bassora, and every year the women of the city and of the neighborhood make a pilgrimage to it to kiss the stones of the tomb and cover them with flowers.

JASSIMA, XIMO, AND JOSU

IN 1601, during the reign of Fide-Jory, there lived in Japan a poor widow, who had three sons, Jassima, Ximo, and Josu. Although they all worked diligently, they earned barely enough for the necessities of life. The boys were devoted to their mother, as children in Japan are apt to be, and it was a source of sorrow to them to see her want.

As highway robbery was very common in those days, Fide-Jory issued an edict, offering a reward to any one who should bring a thief to justice. When the three brothers learned of this, they held a secret consultation.

"I know where there is a bold thief not far from here," said Jassima. "Let us capture him and deliver him up to justice."

"I have a better plan," argued Ximo. "I will go into the temple of Daibod and steal

the large pearl from the god's crown. I will sell it and give you the money, then you may accuse me of theft and get the reward. It will be large enough to keep our mother in comfort all her life."

"Do not think of calling down the anger of the gods on our heads by such an act," replied Josu. "Let us denounce as a thief the one of us who is least useful to the family. I am the weakest of the three, hence of the least consequence. Accuse me and deliver me up. I shall die happy in knowing that our mother will have enough."

The brothers considered this proposition. They knew that Josu was not able to do much, as he was young and not strong, but they did not have the courage to accuse him as he proposed.

After talking it over for a long time, they decided to draw lots to see which one should be delivered up. Their names were placed in a vase, and the one who drew out his own was to be the one to suffer.

This was Josu, and, far from lamenting, the brave boy thanked the gods that he was

worthy of such a glorious fate. His brothers wept, but still they decided to take him before the judge the next day.

The following morning they took leave of their mother as usual before going to work, Josu was not content with a single kiss; he clung to his mother in a passionate embrace. When they reached the outskirts of the town, he put up his hands and his brothers bound them, weeping bitterly all the time.

Josu tried to recall them to their duty by saying that since fate had chosen him, it was because the gods had commanded his sacrifice.

When they were in the judge's presence, Josu accused himself, confessing many thefts. The magistrate ordered him cast into prison. He then bountifully rewarded the brothers for delivering society from such a harmful character.

Jassima and Ximo could hardly conceal their emotion when they received the price of their brother's life. They carried the money home, explaining to their mother that they had received it for a duty performed.

Justice is promptly executed in Japan, and

two days later Josu was condemned to death for highway robbery. His brothers, who had used every means to quiet their mother's anxiety because of her youngest boy's absence, desired to see him once more before his execution. They went to the prison and begged so hard that they were permitted to visit him.

Josu was glad to see them, but his high courage never faltered. "Do not show your grief too plainly," he said. "It will be noticed, and the reward will be taken away from us."

The brothers then begged the boy's pardon for their conduct. This was granted and they took their leave sadly. On returning home, they confessed all to their mother. The poor woman was filled with horror, and she exclaimed: —

"What have you done? Oh, what have you done? My life is almost lived, and should one who is just beginning die to prolong my days?"

She stretched out her hands as if to curse her children, then, remembering that their crime was the result of filial devotion, she

drew them back. Her strength failed her, and she fell down calling for Josu.

This sad scene had a witness. An officer, whose curiosity had been excited by the behavior of the boys when they visited their brother, followed them home and stood outside listening to what they had said to their mother. He hurried back and forbade the execution.

He had the prisoner again brought before the judge, and he could scarcely refrain from expressing his admiration at sight of the noble boy. Affecting a severe tone, the judge asked Josu how, at his age, he could have committed so many crimes. "Now that you are about to die, do you not feel regret for your conduct?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "If I had it to do again, I should do just the same."

The judge then left his seat, and going up to the prisoner, he removed his chains and embraced him, saying: —

"You shall live, my boy, to be your mother's comfort, and an example to all sons in future ages!"

On hearing of this devotion, the Japanese monarch had the three boys brought before him. They were richly rewarded. Josu received twice as much as his brothers, and his fame has lasted through the centuries.

PRASCOVIA

NEAR the close of the reign of Paul I, Emperor of Russia, there lived in Ischim, a small village of Tobolsk, a family of exiles, consisting of three persons: Jean Lopouloff, formerly a Hungarian officer in the service of Russia, his wife Ann, and his little daughter Prascovia.

The child was only one year old when her father was sentenced to Siberia for life. She was happy enough in her humble home, never having known anything better. Her father received a pension of ten kopeks a day, the amount allowed by the government to those exiles who were not condemned to hard labor.

As Prascovia grew up, she realized that this small sum was not enough to keep the family in comfort. As soon as she was able to work, she gave up her rambles in the beautiful Siberian woods, and toiled for

others, even helping in the fields. She was paid for her services in eggs and vegetables.

Her father could never become reconciled to his hard lot, and when he saw his daughter returning wearily at night, he could not keep from weeping. At first Prascovia did not comprehend the meaning of his tears, but she finally came to realize that the life of an exile was a sad one.

She resolved in her childish heart to have her father restored to his native land. She would go to St. Petersburg and ask the Czar to pardon him so that he could return to the home he mourned for.

Fearing that her parents would never consent to her going so far away, the girl kept her secret for a long time. Returning home one evening, her mind full of her project, she found her father reading the Bible and heard these words as she entered the door: "And the angel of God called to Hagar, out of heaven, and said unto her, 'What aileth thee, Hagar? Go, and fear not.'"

Prascovia felt that these were addressed directly to her, and hesitating no longer she told

her parents of her plans. At first they thought she was merely jesting, but when they became convinced that she was in earnest, they forbade her to mention the subject again.

"I will obey you on condition that my father mourn no more. At the first tear or sigh, I shall listen only to the voice of God. If it says, 'Go!' I shall obey."

The exile promised not to lament, and for a time he kept his word; but believing himself alone one day, he gave vent to his grief. Prascovia heard him weeping, and her mind was at once made up.

No one could leave Ischim without a passport from the governor of Tobolsk. As Prascovia could not write, she had a friend make the application for her, saying nothing of it to her parents. Ischim was a long distance from Tobolsk, and a reply could not be expected for a month. As the time drew near, the girl went every day to see if the courier had yet arrived. When he came at last, he brought the passport. With what joy she received the precious paper and pressed it to her lips!

She ran home with it, then her heart failed her. She dreaded to tell her parents; for, though submissive usually, nothing could prevent her from going on her journey, now that she had the passport which would open the way for her to St. Petersburg.

Contrary to her expectations, she was not forbidden to go. Instead, her parents gave her their blessing, and made ready for her departure. They gave her what money they had, and she started that very day. Two other exiles accompanied her to the edge of the village, then left her, after she had promised to intercede for them also.

The first night she found shelter with some kind peasants, who started her on the right road in the morning. It would be impossible to describe all the humiliations and privations which would naturally fall to the lot of a helpless girl of fifteen, travelling without a guide across the wastes of Siberia.

One night she was overtaken by a storm. She sank down in the muddy road, and would have perished from cold if a peasant had not overtaken her and carried her

in his cart to the nearest town. On entering a village, she would tell her story and show her passport. Some one was ready to help her, and all respected her for her noble courage.

Nearly always she found shelter with worthy people, whom she paid by working for them for a time, but one night, when she was asleep on a large stove (upon which Russian peasants make their beds), she was awakened by her hosts, who stood over her holding a torch. They shook her roughly, and said: —

"You must show us all your money."

"I have only eighty kopeks," faltered the poor little girl.

"We don't believe you," said the man. "A person doesn't travel from Tobolsk to St. Petersburg with only eighty kopeks."

They then began to search. Finding no more, they took her purse and went away. Prascovia could not sleep after this. She rose early and was stealing out of the house, when the peasant stopped her at the door.

"You told the truth," he said, handing

her back her purse. "There were only eighty kopeks."

When the girl was a distance away, she opened her purse and found that the peasants had added to the sum, as she had 120 kopeks.

When winter came, Prascovia could no longer walk because of the deep snows, and she was obliged to depend upon the kindness of teamsters. These carried her from village to village, always putting her down in front of a church by her request.

The first thing she did was to enter and give thanks for her preservation and ask help for the future. In one of these churches she attracted the attention of a benevolent lady, who questioned her. On hearing her story, the lady insisted on taking her home and keeping her until spring.

She taught Prascovia to read and write during the winter, and when warm weather came, she bought her a passage on a boat that would carry her as far as Nijéni, and gave her enough money to take her to the end of her journey.

Owing to the carelessness of the boatman, the craft nearly capsized on the trip, and Prascovia fell into the river. She was rescued, but the drenching gave her such a severe cold that, on reaching Nijéni, she was so ill that she had to go to a convent.

Here she remained for a long time. The Sister Superior wished to keep her always, but Prascovia would not listen to this. She promised, however, that she would return there to end her days, after her mission was fulfilled.

She finally reached St. Petersburg, just eighteen months after leaving Ischim. She felt quite lost in the great city, and had no idea of what she should do to reach the ear of the Czar. Finally some one told her that she would have to present her petition to a senator in writing. She then had the man, at whose house she lodged, draw up the document for her.

Taking it, she went to the government palace, and sat on the steps, watching for a senator to pass. Not knowing one when she saw him, she offered her paper to every

man. Some thought her a beggar and gave her money, but no one took the paper to read.

As she was passing through the square, on her way home, the thought came to her to put the paper into the hand of the bronze statue of Peter the Great, which stood there. As she was reaching up to do this, she was seen by a princess who was crossing the bridge over the Neva. The lady sent her footman to ask the meaning of the girl's strange act.

On hearing the story, she took the paper, promising Prascovia to have it delivered to the Czar. A few days later came a summons to court, and the petition was granted. The exile was sent for, and Prascovia returned to the Convent of Nijéni, where she took the veil.

The hardships she had endured had injured her health so much that the end of her mission was also to be the end of her life. She gradually wasted away, and died on the eve of the day her parents were expected to arrive.

"Ah, well, I shall see them in heaven," were her last words.

APPIUS

AT the time when the Roman Republic was nearing its ruin and the Empire was about to be born, many innocent persons fell victims to the general misrule. They were proscribed and banished for the slightest offence, and their property was confiscated by the state.

Among the proscribed ones was an old man who had always been held in great respect by all. He had twice served as consul, and had grown old and infirm in the service of the state. When the Triumvirs who ruled Rome decreed that he should leave the city forever, he could scarcely believe that men could be so ungrateful.

He had not the strength to undertake a long journey, so he decided to remain in his house, although he knew that his disobedience would be punished by death.

His son, young Appius, who was absent

from the city, heard of the danger threatening his venerable parent. He hastened home at once to try to save his father, who at first refused to listen to his plea.

"Why should I seek death in a foreign land, when I can find it here?" he said. "With my infirmities, I could not get beyond the walls, even if I wished to do so. I should be killed in the streets, and I would rather die in my bed."

The evening of the last day that he was to be permitted to remain came. The son again urged his father to save himself.

"I know you cannot walk," said the boy, "but I can carry you. Trust yourself to me, and strength will be given me to bear you out of the city."

The father at last yielded to his son's entreaties. Taking his precious burden on his back, Appius walked through the streets of Rome, applauded by the multitude. Moved by the sight of this filial devotion, those in power did not interfere with the passage of the pair.

The hour was fast approaching when the

old man was to meet death if found within the city walls, and the two were yet a long way from the gates. The boy bent under his load, and his strength was nearly exhausted. Still he pressed on, cheered by the cries of the populace, and a few seconds before the expiration of the allotted time, he passed out of the city.

Still the old consul was not safe, as he was not to remain in Roman territory. Under cover of night, Appius carried him to the seashore, where they embarked for Sicily.

This devoted act was inscribed in the annals of the republic, so that it might not be forgotten. When Appius became a man, he was recalled to Rome, where he held many important positions.

ST. ELIZABETH

THIS famous child was the daughter of the powerful Hungarian king Andrew II, and her mother, Gertrude of Merania, was a descendant of the great Charlemagne. The little princess was born at Presbourg Castle, in 1207. As she grew up, she developed a cheerful and lovable disposition, and when a mere babe, she was kind and full of sympathy for the poor and unfortunate. She even gave them a portion of her daily food, when she was permitted to do so.

Besides being charitable, Elizabeth was extremely pious. She loved to handle holy books, and everything connected with worship fascinated her.

In 1211, a splendid embassy came from Germany to the court of Andrew II to ask for the hand of the little princess for Hermann, the heir of the landgrave of Thuringia. After much hesitation and discussion, the

request was granted, and preparations were made to send Elizabeth to the landgrave's distant home.

It cost the mother many bitter tears to part with her loved child. She overwhelmed her with costly presents of gold, silver, jewels, and precious stuffs, as was the custom of the times. To these the king added many more, among other things, six horses to be used solely for his daughter's benefit.

The little princess was taken to the embassy in a massive silver cradle, and the Hungarian nurse who was to accompany her was given many parting injunctions as to her care.

Travelling was a difficult matter in those days, and after a long, weary journey, the ambassadors reached Germany with their precious charge. The landgrave of Thuringia lived in a massive feudal castle on the heights of Wartberg. It resembled a fortress more than a house, and even to this day its cannon give it a forbidding, inhospitable appearance.

The sight of this dreary abode must have

chilled the little Magyar princess, who had always been accustomed to the light, cheerful castle of Presbourg, from which one could see the beautiful, blue Danube flowing along between banks of green.

All the nobles and important people of Eisenbach were invited to Wartburg to see the child whom "God and the King of Hungary" had given to Thuringia. Soon after the betrothal of Elizabeth and Hermann, who was several years older, was celebrated with great pomp.

Delighted at having secured this child, who brought wealth to his domain, the landgrave tried to make her life at the castle pleasant for her. He chose six little girls of her own age from the families of the nobles, and gave them to her for playmates. One of these, Guta, never left the princess during the rest of her short but eventful life.

Elizabeth was given a good education, and her intelligence was so great that she readily grasped what was taught her. She still showed a great love for sacred things, and stories of the lives of the saints were her

favorites. To be taught a prayer pleased her more than to be given a present.

Her piety and great humility gave offence to the Duchess Sophie, Hermann's mother, and also to the whole German court. No one understood the nobility of the girl's nature, and her tastes were considered quite unworthy of a princess. So life became difficult for the sensitive child.

Her first great grief was the news of the death of her mother, who was murdered. This made a deep impression upon her, and in her great loneliness, she turned to the Father of orphans for consolation. She became more and more serious, and thus separated herself still farther from those around her.

Soon she had another cause for grief. Her betrothed husband Hermann died in 1216. In addition to her sorrow, she felt a great anxiety as to her future, as the subject was talked of freely in her presence. Some were in favor of sending her back to her father's court, others of placing her in a convent, and some favored the plan of having

her marry Louis, Hermann's brother, and the heir to the Duchy.

The first plan was soon dismissed, for if the princess were sent back to Hungary, her dower would have to be returned, and that would injure Thuringia. Finally, the landgrave decided to have her remain and become the wife of Louis, his heir.

When Elizabeth was ten years old, the landgrave died. The princess now felt that she had lost her a friend and protector. She mourned for him for a long time, but her faith and submission to the will of God increased steadily. Then, too, her betrothed husband consoled her. He appreciated her nobility of character, and finally grew to love her tenderly. He openly avowed his affection, and became her champion in a hostile court.

The marriage of Louis and Elizabeth took place in 1221. Although she was but fourteen years old, if we may believe the chroniclers of the time, the princess was very beautiful and intelligent. She was tall and stately, and every movement showed

dignity and grandeur of soul. She was gracious to the humble, and no one feared to approach her. Her young husband was a truly Christian prince, unspoiled by the flatteries of the court.

After her happy marriage, Elizabeth was free to perform good works. In this her husband assisted and encouraged her. She visited the sick, even lepers, and the beautiful young woman found no duty too repulsive to perform.

She established hospitals and visited prisons; during the time of famine she gave freely of her own money for the relief of the starving, and she soon became known as the Patroness of the Poor. She was also her husband's trusted friend and companion. Whenever it was possible, she accompanied him on horseback on his different expeditions, whether for business or pleasure, and she never neglected her duties at the court.

These were the days of the Crusades, or expeditions to Jerusalem to rescue the tomb of Christ. Louis considered it his duty to join these, and in one of them he met his

death. He sent loving messages to his wife, and a ring to be delivered to her as a proof that he was no more.

On hearing this sad news, the princess was broken-hearted. She decided to give up the world entirely, so she delivered her children into safe hands and went away to Marbourg, where she had a humble dwelling built for herself. There she devoted herself to charitable works; she not only comforted the afflicted, but tried to procure some pleasures for them.

She distributed among them the first money sent to her by her brothers-in-law for her household expenses. She sent out word to all the poor in the region around that the distribution was to take place on a certain day.

At the appointed time an immense crowd collected. Elizabeth moved about among the throng, calm and smiling, with a word of encouragement for all. In spite of her modest attire, she seemed to them a splendid queen, which she truly was in her royal generosity.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary taking leave of her Children.

From painting by Otto Friedrich.

Her good works claimed her until her death in November, in 1231, at the age of twenty-four. Her great worth was then recognized, and those who had persecuted the gentle child and bereaved widow came to prostrate themselves beside her bier. She was afterwards made a saint according to the rites of the Church, because of her Christ-like life.

"Humble, in spite of her noble birth; simple and modest, in spite of her great beauty; serious and earnest, in spite of her youth; disdainful in the pleasures of the world, in spite of her elevated position, the daughter of the King of Hungary offers to the world a most beautiful and touching picture of womanly dignity."

MYSTERIOUS CHILDREN

GASPARD HAUSER

THE story of Gaspard Hauser is that of an unfortunate creature, who died at the age of twenty-two, but who really lived only four years. From his birth until he was eighteen years old he was kept in perfect ignorance of the outside world. He did not know that flowers grew in the fields, or that birds flew about everywhere.

On May 26, 1828, he was found outside the gates of the city of Nuremberg, and no one knew how he happened to be there. He tried to walk into the town, leaning on a cane, but he tottered and fell down in the street, muttering some unintelligible words. If he could have talked, he probably would have said this to the curious people who crowded around him: —

"I have just come out of the dungeon where I have lived since my birth. I was not born blind, but this is the first time I

ever saw the light. Neither was I born deaf, and yet I never heard sounds until now. I am almost a man, and I know less than the youngest child."

As he could not talk, and as the laws against vagabondage were severe in Nuremberg, he was taken to prison. It was in vain that the officers questioned him. They received no reply. Some one suggested putting paper, pen, and ink before him. This was done, and at sight of the objects the boy's eyes seemed to brighten. He took the pen and wrote a name. This act made the authorities think he was an impostor, and he was kept in close confinement.

Among the spectators of the scene was a gentleman named Dr. Daumer. He told the officers to offer the prisoner meat and beer. The boy, who sat crouching in the corner of a cell, went into convulsions at sight of the food. Bread and water were then set before him. He at once showed signs of joy, and ate and drank with avidity.

While Gaspard was in prison, he was

visited by many persons, some of whom brought him sweetmeats and playthings. He paid no attention to any of these gifts excepting a wooden horse. This he grasped eagerly, as if it were an old friend. It was at once concluded that he had been kept on bread and water and had been given a wooden horse to play with.

By degrees his eyes became accustomed to light and his ears to sound. The peal of a bell moved him to tears; the music of a violin affected him still more, and on hearing a military band play a march, he fainted.

After these manifestations, Dr. Daumer felt convinced that it would not be impossible to develop the boy's faculties. He obtained permission to adopt him, and at once began his education. The progress was slow, still, after a year had passed, Gaspard was able to recall the past, and tell what he knew of his story. It was as follows: —

"I do not know how long I have lived. Shut up in a dungeon as I was, and seeing no one, it was impossible for me to reckon

the years. One day, or perhaps night, I realized that I was not alone. Some one entered my cell through an opening which I had never noticed. He brought me my usual food, bread and water. He placed beside me an object which meant nothing to me, but which pleased me by its form; it was a wooden horse.

"The man went away and I saw the opening close after him. I tried to walk as he did, and follow him. Soon I was conscious of a blow on my head; I had hit myself against the wall. I can remember that from time to time I found myself with cleaner clothing and hands. I think the man must have put some kind of a potion into my food, and, when I was asleep, changed my garments.

"After a long time he brought me paper, pen, and ink, and traced some characters for me to copy. I made many attempts to do this, and after perhaps a year I succeeded in reproducing them. They stood for my name, which is not my real one, doubtless. That will never be known.

"I must have been a burden to my keeper, for one day he came in without my food. He bandaged my eyes, then took me on his back and carried me away. I can remember nothing more. Probably the feeling of the fresh air was so painful to me that I lost consciousness. All that I know is, that my deliverer put me down near the gates of the city and removed the bandage from my eyes. Left alone, I tried to stand erect and walk. It must be that my strength deserted me, for I was afterwards picked up in the streets."

The story of Gaspard Hauser was noised all over Europe, and it created a great sensation, every one wondering who the mysterious boy could be. Crowds of strangers came to visit Dr. Daumer's protégé. One of these was a man who stole into the house; finding himself alone with the boy for a moment, he struck him a blow with a knife. It was badly aimed and the victim was only wounded in the forehead. Hearing his cries, people rushed in, but the would-be murderer had escaped and no traces of him could ever be found.

This attempted assassination proved that the object of so many persecutions was not safe in Nuremberg. Lord Stanhope, a rich and generous Englishman, interested himself in the boy and offered to take him with him to Anspach, where he could finish his education, and afterwards to England. He studied there four years under the celebrated Dr. Fuhrmann, who made of his pupil an agreeable and well-informed young man.

The time of Lord Stanhope's departure for England was now approaching. One day, as Gaspard was taking his customary walk in the grounds of the palace, he was accosted near the Uzen monument by a man who begged him to read a paper which he presented in a purse. The boy took it, and as he was looking it over, he was stabbed twice in the region of the heart. The murderer immediately took to flight. Although mortally wounded, Gaspard had strength enough to drag himself back to the palace. He spoke only these words: —

"Palace — Uzen — monument — purse!"

Messengers were sent to the monument

to investigate. They found there a violet silk purse containing a paper on which were written these words: —

"Gaspard Hauser, born April 30, 1812, murdered December 14, 1833. Know by this that I come from the Bavarian frontier, on the river. These are the initials of my name: M. L. O."

Lord Stanhope offered a reward of five thousand florins for the discovery of the assassin, but he was never found. Gaspard died on the night of December 17, 1833.

MARCIALI: THE IRON MASK

NO one will probably ever know the secret of the birth of the Man with the Iron Mask. Some historians have asserted that he was the twin brother of Louis XIV of France. As the laws of all countries give the throne to the king's eldest son, it may be that Louis XIII thought of all the trouble that might ensue if the double birth became known, and so decided to sacrifice the boy.

Although he lived until he was about sixty years old, we have placed Marciali among the number of martyred children because his life might be called one long childhood.

He was secretly imprisoned in the Château de Pignerol, and the greatest care was taken to keep his place of imprisonment hidden. He must have been of noble birth, for, in spite of his pride, the governor of the Château, M. de Saint-Mars, always bared his

head when addressing the prisoner. The servants were bidden to show him all possible respect, and when Louvois, the haughty minister of Louis XIV, came to visit him on the part of his royal master, he remained standing in his presence.

After the death of the famous cardinal-minister Mazárin, the unknown prisoner was removed to the Château de l'Ile Sainte-Marguerite, in Provence. He always wore an iron mask, the chin-piece of which was worked by springs, so that he could eat and drink without uncovering his whole face.

The grated windows of the new prison looked out on the sea. After Marciali had been there for a long time, he one day traced some lines with the point of a knife on a silver plate and dropped it down into a boat which he saw at the foot of the tower.

This part of the Château was so carefully guarded that the prisoner's act was seen and promptly reported to the governor. The latter sent for the boatman and offered him a reward if he would read what was written on the plate. The man said he could not

read. After the governor had satisfied himself that this was true, and that no other eyes had looked upon the plate, he said: —

"You may go. For once, you are fortunate in not knowing how to read."

The prisoner was not discouraged by the failure of this attempt to communicate with the outside world. On another occasion he dropped from the window a piece of linen torn from his shirt, upon which he had written something, doubtless with his own blood. Two days later the governor of the Château brought the piece of linen back to Marciali, and said: —

"Ignorance saved the boatman. The one who picked up this piece of linen knew how to read, and he is dead. It is for you to decide whether you wish to be responsible for more murders."

The governor then burnt the cloth in Marciali's presence. The latter made no further attempts in this direction, but waited for the end of his captivity; that is, of his life. He had teachers and was well educated. Music and reading were his passions. He

loved fine apparel and jewels, and he was well supplied with both.

Many fables, dramas, and romances have been written on the subject of the Man with the Iron Mask. History alone is silent on the subject. It is known that he was taken to the Bastille, the famous prison in Paris, and that soon afterwards, at nightfall, one day, a procession stole out from the gloomy walls and wended its way to the cemetery of St. Paul's Church. Here a coffin was lowered into a grave and covered up. No sign, not even a simple cross, marked the spot where the unfortunate man was buried. On the church register was inscribed the name Marciali, together with the date of his death.

The governor of the Bastille then had all the belongings of the prisoner burnt under his eyes. The walls were whitewashed and the window-glass all replaced. Louvois came in person to see that no trace of the prisoner remained. The mystery of his existence will probably never be explained.

HEROIC CHILDREN

DAVID

IN the ancient days of which we read in the Bible, the Philistines and Israelites waged war upon each other. The Philistines had gathered their armies together and pitched their tents between Shochoh and Azekah on the borders of Dammim.

"And the Philistines stood on a mountain on one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side; and there was a valley between them."

Now the Philistines and the Israelites had been watching each other for forty days and nights, and neither dared begin the battle. Every morning at sunrise, a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, came to the edge of the valley and thus addressed Saul and his soldiers: —

"Choose you a man from you and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight

with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him and kill him, then shall ye be our servants and serve us."

The giant who challenged the Israelites to single combat was over eight feet tall, and he must have weighed at least 400 pounds. He was protected by a coat of mail weighing over 150 pounds. Beneath this and on his limbs were greaves of brass, which was more valuable than gold at this time, and he wore a helmet of the same metal.

He carried a spear which was so heavy that he had to rest it on his shoulders. The head of this spear was of iron, which was even rarer than brass. An attendant bearing a moon-shaped shield went before him.

When Goliath spoke, his voice filled the valley with a noise like thunder, and he was so terrible that no one dared come out to meet him. Each morning after his shout of defiance, he stood leaning on his spear until the sun was up high enough to throw his shadow to the very door of Saul's tent.

Then he would turn and walk slowly back to the camp, saying: —

"I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together."

While these things were transpiring on the borders of Dammim, there lived in Bethlehem a man named Jesse, who had eight sons. Three of these were in Saul's army, and David, the youngest, tended his father's flocks at home. One day Jesse sent David to the army of the Israelites to carry gifts of food to his sons and their leaders, and to make inquiries as to their welfare.

The boy reached the camp just after Goliath had defied the army for the fortieth time. He asked why the children of the people of God feared this man so much. He was told that there was not in the whole army a man strong enough to meet the giant, and that if such a person could be found, the king would give him great riches and also his daughter for a wife. Furthermore, the king would make the house of the conqueror free in Israel forever.

David went to Saul, and said: "Let no

man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

Saul replied: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

David then said: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard and smote him and slew him.

"Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this Philistine shall be one of them, seeing he has defied the armies of the living God. The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he shall deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

Saul listened in admiration to the words of the brave boy, and he at last consented, saying, "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

He put his own armor on the youth and buckled on his sword. But as David was

Young David.

From painting by Elizabeth Gardner.

not accustomed to a coat of mail, he could not walk with it on, so he took it off. He carried only his staff and a sling. Leaning over he picked up five smooth stones and put them into a shepherd's pouch which he wore at his side.

He then went out to meet the Philistine, who expected that the army of Israel would send an adversary worthy of him. When he saw the fair-haired boy, he thought that the foe wished to insult him. He cried in a voice of thunder: —

"Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

David replied: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee and take thine head from thee."

Seeing himself thus defied by a mere child, the Philistine did not wait to hear more, but advanced with great strides. David also

went forward; as he walked he took a pebble from his pouch and placed it in his sling. He whirled it around, then sent it whizzing through the air. It struck the giant in the forehead with such force that he fell down dead.

David then ran up and cut off Goliath's head with his own sword. When the Philistines saw what had happened, they took to flight, leaving everything behind them. The Israelites pursued them for a distance, then returned and despoiled their tents.

When David grew to manhood, he was chosen king to reign after Saul.

AMBROISE DE BOUFFLERS

IN the ancient electorate of Mayence, in Germany, lies the small village of Ettingen, on the banks of the Main. There, in the eighteenth century, was fought a great battle between the French and the English and their allies.

A war of succession was in progress. The English king had come to help place the imperial crown on the head of Maria Theresa, the daughter of Emperor Charles VI of Austria. The French wished to give it to the Elector of Bavaria.

Among the brave officers on the French side was one whose name was always mentioned with respect. It was that of a lad only ten years old, who had left his mother's knee, one might say, to take his first lessons in real warfare under the instruction of his father and his uncle, the Count and the Duke de Boufflers Remiancourt.

Ambroise de Boufflers was the name of this boy-officer. He had been present when the message had been brought ordering his father to go to Germany to join the French army, under the command of Marshal de Noailles. The boy's heart fairly bounded with joy. He pushed aside the toy soldiers he was manœuvring, rushed up to his mother, and, throwing his arms around her neck, begged to be allowed to accompany his father.

She replied only with tears. She looked at her husband beseechingly, hoping he would not encourage the boy in his rash desire. The count was in tears, too, but they were tears of joy. He was delighted at seeing his son so anxious to enter upon the career in which his ancestors had won so much fame.

Young Ambroise had inherited from these ancestors a love for all things military, and this had been fostered and strengthened by his education. His first playthings had been firearms, and at the age of six he could handle them as well as an old sol-

dier. His first teacher had been his grandfather, the Duke de Boufflers and Governor of Flanders, a famous officer during the reign of Louis XIV. His first lessons had been the history of heroes, both ancient and modern.

At the age when most children can barely read in their own language, Ambroise could relate in German, English, Spanish, and Italian, the exploits of the heroes of Germany, England, Spain, and Italy. After his lessons were over, came the play with the wooden soldiers. The grandfather and his pupil would take an equal number of men, and fierce battles would be fought on the study table.

When the summons came for his father to join the army, the boy was so eager to put into practice some of the many lessons he had been taught that the count consented to take him to Germany with him. On reaching the camp, Ambroise refused to take advantage of any of the privileges to which he might be entitled as the son of an officer. He shared the bed, rations, and rough service of a common soldier.

He learned to sleep on the ground, and when his father came up to him one night, with inquiries as to his welfare, he exclaimed: —

"I am perfectly comfortable! How could I regret my bed in Paris, when I dreamed last night that I was a field-marshal!"

It was not long before Ambroise earned his first woollen epaulettes. The Duke de Noailles himself fastened them on in the presence of his officers and of Count de Boufflers's whole regiment. How they cheered when their chief kissed the boy on the brow, and said: —

"When will we change these for silver ones?"

"In a week," was the reply; "by that time I shall deserve them."

At the end of the week the young count was promoted to the rank of ensign. The day afterward he wrote the following letter to his mother: —

"My dear Mother: — Do not worry too much because my handwriting is so unsteady. I cannot use my left hand very well,

and my right was slightly wounded yesterday by a sabre-stroke from an Uhlan who tried to take my flag away from me. It would have been such a pity to lose it when I had had it only three hours, wouldn't it? I was made an ensign yesterday, and just after my appointment I was ordered out with a squad of cavalry, about 120 men, on a foraging expedition. We were marching along leisurely, as though we were out for pleasure, when suddenly we found ourselves surrounded by German soldiers. They rushed upon us yelling and shouting.

"At first I was bewildered, and I slid down from my horse. Soon my presence of mind returned. I mounted quickly and used my pistol with good effect on those nearest me. Fortunately none of our men were killed, but my beautiful flag was pierced by three bullets.

"I need not tell you how papa hugged and kissed me on my return to camp. He said he was perfectly satisfied with my conduct. My left hand is so tired that I will close by telling you that every morning and night I

pray that I may see you again after the campaign is over."

This campaign was to last three months longer for our hero. During that time he endured many hardships and braved many dangers. He always obeyed orders cheerfully, and not a tear of complaint escaped him. The long-expected day of the great battle of Ettingen, which was to end the dispute between Maria Theresa of Austria and Charles Albert of Bavaria, at last arrived.

Before the conflict, the Count de Boufflers took his son in his arms and said: "Although we hope to win, the battle will be a fierce one. We may never see each other again alive. Kiss me for your mother, and do not forget to do your duty."

The father and son then parted, and they did not meet again that day. The fight was indeed a terrible one. The air was filled with whizzing bullets, and cannon answering to cannon mowed down whole companies of soldiers. Occupying a post which he could not leave without orders from a superior,

Ambroise saw nearly all those around him fall. He had no thought of flight, however. Finally a bullet pierced his left leg, and he fell down unconscious.

The French lost the day. When they were fleeing, a soldier saw the little ensign stretched out under his horse. Disregarding his own safety, the brave man picked up the wounded boy and carried him toward the camp. He was stopped on the way three times by the Austrians, but he had only to mention the name of De Boufflers to see the way open before him.

By the time he had reached the French lines, Ambroise had recovered consciousness. On being told that his leg would have to be amputated, he did not lament, but simply remarked: —

"Well, it is better to lose a leg than one's head."

When they were about to begin the operation, he begged for a short delay, so that he could write to his mother.

"I have just been wounded in the leg," he said, "and I might as well tell you at once

that it has to be taken off. I suffer more than I can tell you, not on my own account, but on yours, you will feel so sorry. I hope to survive the operation, but if God orders otherwise, I at least have the consolation of writing to you and assuring you of my love. Dear mother, let this letter be a fresh proof of my devotion to you and of my gratitude for all your kindness."

This done, Ambroise gave himself up to the surgeon. His father held his hands during the operation, and tried to console him.

"Courage, my son, courage," he said.

"I have more than you have," replied the boy, with a smile. Suddenly his face grew white, and he exclaimed, "I am dying!" A moment more and the little ensign had gone where battle trumpets never sound.

HENRI AND FRANÇOIS DE NEMOURS

WHEN, in 1798, the French people destroyed the Bastille, that old state prison in which so many political crimes had been committed, so many secret vengeances taken, they found in one of the cells an iron cage, broad at the top and pointed at the bottom, so that its occupant could neither sit, stand, or lie down.

This cage was one of two which had served, centuries before, as the prison of two little princes, Henri and François de Nemours, the sons of Jacques d'Armagnac, Constable of France, under the reign of Louis XI. D'Armagnac had conspired with the Dukes of Brittany and Burgundy to deliver France up to the English. The plot was discovered by the king, and the constable was arrested and condemned to death.

This was justice; but Jacques had two

sons, Henri and François, who were so young that they could not possibly have shared their father's guilt. With a refinement of cruelty, which even the barbarity of the times could not excuse, Louis had these boys dressed in white robes and led up to the block on which their father was to be beheaded. After the fatal blow was struck, the executioner sprinkled the innocent heads and the white robes of the children with the blood of their guilty parent.

They were then taken to the Bastille and put in dungeons, in steel cages, in which they could neither lie down nor sit up. Henri was eight years old at this time, and his brother was seven.

As the cages stood side by side, the brothers could reach out and clasp each other's hands. François often wept and lamented, but Henri consoled him, telling him that their father would not like to see him crying. "They treat us as if we were men, and as if they were afraid of us, so we mustn't act like babies. Let us talk of our home and our mother."

Then the two talked of the beautiful Château of Lectoure, where their infancy had been passed. In their fancy they again climbed the hills on the domain, and chased each other about on the avenues of the parks. By thus living the past over again, the little princes forgot their sufferings for a time.

They had still another source of pleasure. A little mouse, which at first had frightened them very much, and had been frightened itself, came regularly every day to visit them, attracted by crumbs thrown out on the prison floor. It soon became so tame that it would run up to them and eat out of their hands.

When Louis XI learned that the children were enduring their torture so patiently, he planned out something still more cruel. The executioner was ordered to visit the boys once a week and pull out a tooth from each one. When the man entered the dungeon on his errand, he was moved to pity at sight of the little victims. But he was obliged to tell them the object of his visit. On hearing

it, little François began to scream, and Henri tried to turn the executioner from his purpose.

The man could not keep back his tears, but he had to obey the king or lose his own life.

"I must give two teeth a week to the governor of the prison," he said sorrowfully, "and he must show them to the king."

"If you must," replied Henri, "then take out two of mine each time. I am strong and I can stand the pain, but the least hurt might kill my brother."

The executioner was so affected by the child's sublime courage and unselfishness that he was quite helpless and unnerved. He was finally recalled to his duty by the appearance of a messenger who asked him why he was so long in obeying the king's orders. A further delay would be considered a crime, so he went up to Henri and pulled out one of his teeth. The boy suppressed a scream, and, as the man was about to turn to his brother's cage, he exclaimed:—

"Take another! You know I am to give two!"

The executioner did as the boy requested, and thus had two teeth to give to the governor of the prison.

The king saw to it that his order was rigorously obeyed. The executioner returned every week, and Henri paid his tribute and also his brother's. The suffering proved to be too great for the noble boy. He was seized with a fever which slowly consumed him. Realizing that he had but a short time to live, he tried one day to grasp his brother's hand once more. He was so weak that he could not.

"It is over," he said. "I shall never see our mother again. Perhaps you will live to be free, François. If you do, tell her that I often talked of her, and that I loved her to the last. Good-by, my little brother. Give our mouse some crumbs every day. Don't forget it, will you?"

He ceased speaking, and did not hear his brother's reply. Death claimed him, and his spirit took its flight to the regions of the blessed. The king seemed to have relented after this, for François was taken out of

his cage and allowed the liberty of the dungeon.

Finally this cruel Louis died, and Charles VIII came to the throne. The prisoners of the Bastille were set free, and François again saw the light of day and the face of his mother, but the torture he had suffered in the horrible cage made him a cripple for life.

THE MACCABEES

WE are told in the Holy Scriptures that long, long ago, Antiochus, King of Syria, took Jerusalem, profaned the temple of God, and tried to compel the Jews, the chosen people, to sacrifice to idols. This they would not do, although they knew that their refusal meant certain death.

Among others, the king summoned to appear before him a mother and her seven sons, the Maccabees. They belonged to an influential family in Jerusalem. They were held in such respect that if they had consented to break the law of Moses, their example would have been followed by great numbers of others.

They came before the king in answer to his summons. At first he spoke kindly to them, and made them the most brilliant promises if they would consent to partake of

the forbidden food, and bow down to idols. But they were deaf to his entreaties.

The king then became angry, and he sent for his executioners to see what force would accomplish. The oldest son was taken first. He was lashed unmercifully, but he steadfastly refused to obey the tyrant. He said:—

"This is my reply for myself and for my brothers; we all know how to die, but not one of us knows how to betray the faith of his fathers and to break the law of our God."

The populace begged for the life of the fearless boy. This only angered Antiochus the more. The brasiers were brought in, and the child was burnt alive before his mother and brothers.

The king then addressed the second brother, but he remained firm in spite of promises and threats. The executioner then seized him and tortured him until he was dead.

The third brother came up of his own accord and laid his hands on the block to be cut off, saying: "These I had from Heaven;

The Maccabees.

From painting by Antonio Ciseri.

and for His laws I despise them; and from Heaven I hope to receive them again." He died as his brothers had done.

The mother of the Maccabees, whose heart had not yet failed her, could not keep back her tears when the fourth boy went up. He was a delicate child, and she feared he could not stand the cruel torture. But he did not flinch, and his face fairly shone as he died the martyr's death.

The youth of the three remaining children inspired the king with a feeling of pity. He could not understand the power that sustained them, and enabled their mother to look upon their sufferings without a murmur. He repeated his entreaties and promises, but with no effect. All seemed resolved to die.

The fifth brother was called, and he went to his death without a sign of fear; the sixth followed. Faint at the sight, Antiochus wished to spare the last one, and also the mother. He promised the boy great riches and power if he would but obey him. Not knowing what to reply, the boy looked to his mother for advice. She bade him die as his

brothers had done. This added to the king's fury, and he ordered his executioner to finish the insolent family. His commands were obeyed, and the mother soon went to join her noble sons.

Soon after this, Judas Maccabeus repulsed the army of Antiochus, and overthrew the idols in the temple. When the cruel king learned of this, he rushed away to punish the rebels and destroy the temple. His chariot was driven so fast that it upset, and he was thrown to the ground with such force that he died from the shock.

TURENNE

THIS boy, who became one of the greatest military men of the seventeenth century, was the grandson of the famous Prince of Orange. His father was a soldier, and from his earliest infancy he had shown a taste for tales of war and strife.

We find many interesting anecdotes of the boyhood of this young hero. His father, the Duke de Bouillon, was the ruling prince of Sedan, near which town the family lived in a château. One night he remained at the fortifications instead of coming home as usual.

At dinner that evening, little Henri, who was then nine years old, talked excitedly of the exploits of the Greek and Roman heroes, about whom he had been studying.

"How I should like to do the glorious things they did!" he exclaimed, with flashing eyes.

He was not content with merely talking; he wanted to illustrate the events he was describing, and he persuaded his tutor to assist him in showing how such and such an attack or defence had been made. When the latter grew breathless and tired out, the boy exclaimed: "I wish my father was here. He would play soldier with me. Where is he?"

"He is going to remain at the ramparts all night. He will have a cold time of it," replied the duchess.

"I should like to be there with him. Soldiers are not made by sitting by the fire as I am doing."

"Wait till you are older, my son; now you must go to bed."

The boy wished his mother good night and went away with a servant. His room was at the end of a long corridor in another story of the château. When they were halfway down the hall, he leaned over, blew out the candle the man carried, darted down the staircase and out into the garden at the back of the building.

He sped away like an arrow, and soon reached the ramparts. When there, he began to make the rounds, stopping at each bivouac fire to warm himself and listen to the stories the soldiers were telling.

Meanwhile the alarm had been given at the château, and the servants were sent out to search for the truant. They followed his footsteps in the snow as far as the ramparts. Continuing their search, they at last found the boy asleep under a cannon. The father, who had joined the party, smiled with pride at sight of the little hero; then he woke the boy and cried: —

"What are you doing here?"

"I only wanted to see if I could stand the hardships of war," was the reply.

All now returned to the château, and Henri was soon clasped in his mother's arms. When the parents were alone, the father said: —

"His vocation in life is to be a soldier. We must not restrain him."

"But he is so delicate," objected the duchess.

"The life of the camps will strengthen him, and I foresee that he will be an honor to our family," replied the duke.

Shortly after this episode an old officer dined with the family. Henri had passed the day reading the "Life of Alexander the Great," by Quintus Curtius. His mind was so full of the subject that he could talk of nothing but the hero and his exploits.

"Your Quintus Curtius is a romancer. Nothing in his 'Life' is true," said the officer, merely to excite the boy.

"What makes you think that?" asked Henri.

"Because everything he writes borders on the marvellous."

The child's eyes flashed, and he retorted: —

"For my part, I believe that every word of the 'Life' is true. I feel that Alexander lived, and that he did great things. It even seems to me that I am in some way descended from him."

Soon after Henri left the room, and it was thought that he had retired for the night. When the officer went up to his chamber,

he was surprised at finding the boy on the threshold. The child drew himself up, and said seriously: —

"You insulted me just now, sir, by attacking a hero that I love; I offer and demand reparation!"

"I am willing to give you satisfaction, my boy; but we must fight in secret on account of your mother, who will oppose the duel."

"Very well; I will meet you to-morrow morning at daybreak in the park, at the foot of the three large elms."

"I shall certainly be there," replied the officer, who could scarcely conceal a smile.

The next morning found the two at the appointed place at the foot of the trees. They removed their coats, drew their swords, and seemed about to rush upon each other.

Just then some one glided out from behind a hedge, and a soft hand was laid on Henri's arm.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed the boy.

"I came to be your second. You are right, my boy; Alexander the Great was a real hero. Quintus Curtius told the truth."

"That means that my duel is a just one, and it ought to go on!" exclaimed Henri, brandishing his sword.

"Unless your adversary confesses that he is wrong, and thus makes a double reparation to you and to Alexander."

"I would rather fight!" insisted Henri.

"But," said the duchess, laughing, "to force an enemy to surrender is as glorious as to kill him."

"I don't know about that; what do you think, sir?" asked Henri, turning to the officer.

"What do I think? That you will be a brave man, some day, and that Alexander might well have been your ancestor. Let us go now and tell your father about the whole affair."

Henri allowed himself to be led away, but he was greatly disappointed, and could not help murmuring, "It would have been so much better to fight a little!"

When the viscount was thirteen years old, his mother consented to let him go to Holland to learn the art of warfare under

Maurice of Nassau, his uncle. He made his first campaign when he was fourteen as a common soldier. He served five years in Holland, then entered the service of France. As every student of history knows, he became one of the greatest soldiers of his time.

VOLNEY BEKNER

THE father of this young hero was only a poor Irish seaman. The boy did not receive much education from books, but from his earliest childhood he was taught to swim and to brave the ocean even when tempests were raging. When he was but three years old his father would take him and dive off the stern of a moving ship into the seething sea. He would ride on the crest of the waves, then sink into their depths, all the time holding the boy under his arm.

As might be expected, young Volney soon became an expert swimmer. When he was five years old, he could follow the ship for two miles. As he grew older, he became a fine sailor. No one could climb to the top of the rigging during a tempest so quickly as he and no one was more skilful in untwisting tangled rigging.

He was so obedient and courteous that he

gained the respect of all. The captain took a great interest in him, and spent much time in teaching him. When he was twelve, he was made head pilot, with double pay and rations.

"If this little man continues to improve," remarked the captain, in presence of his whole crew, "he will some day fill a higher position than I do."

During a voyage from Port-au-Prince to France, it happened one day that the little daughter of a rich American passenger slipped away from her governess and went out on deck alone. While she was playing with some ropes, the ship gave a lurch, and she fell overboard.

Volney's father saw the child fall, and in an instant he was in the water. He swam around until he found the girl, and grasping her firmly, he started for the ship, which was now some distance away. All were watching him from the deck. He swam along steadily and easily for a time, then he suddenly changed his course, and shouted, "Help, boys! a shark!"

Everything was now confusion on the deck. Shots were fired at the monster, but he was not hit, and he continued to follow his prey. Dismay filled the breasts of the lookers-on. The father was nearly frantic. He offered a great sum to any one who would kill the monster.

No one dared attempt the perilous task. Just then Volney was seen swimming straight up to the shark. He thrust a long knife into the fish's body without killing him, but he gave up the pursuit of the man and child, and turned to the boy. The latter steered toward the opposite side of the vessel, so that his father with his precious burden would have a better chance of escape.

When the brave boy saw his father grasp the rope thrown over to him, he began to think of his own safety. He moved obliquely, to elude his pursuer, and finally he also succeeded in grasping the rope. Sailors at once began to haul in the cable. When the boy was a few feet above the water, the shark leaped high in the air, seized him, and severed his body.

The grief of those on board the ship may be imagined. The story of the little hero's death was told all over England, and all mourned the loss of one who would doubtless have been an honor to the British navy.

JOAN OF ARC

THE house in which Joan of Arc was born, January 6, 1412, in Domremy, in the province of Lorraine, still stands. It is a modest dwelling, separated from a church by a garden, which in the summer time is filled with flowers. Above the door an escutcheon cut in the stone shows three fleurs-de-lis and the arms of Joan, with the words *Vive Labeur*, the device of the Arc family.

In the first room, the one in which the girl was born, beside the chimneypiece, is a stone statue representing her in her armor, kneeling, her sword at her side, and her hands clasped. It is a copy of the one made a few years after her death and now in the museum of Nancy. Another statue of her stands in the middle of the same room. It is a reproduction of the masterpiece of the Princess Marie. Joan is holding in her

arms a sword in the form of a cross. Marble slabs, bearing the names of the cities where she fought, cover the walls of the room.

The young girl's chamber is a gloomy room, having but one small window looking out on the church. Old rafters cross the blackened ceiling. In the invasions of 1815 and 1870, English and German soldiers cut fragments from them as mementos.

At the time of Joan's birth, the kingdom of France was little more than a province under the control of England. The young king, Charles VII, who had not yet been crowned, seemed powerless, and day by day his finest possessions were being taken from him.

This sad condition of affairs was talked of everywhere. Many evenings little Joan, sitting beside the fireplace with her father and mother, had listened to the tales of poor peasants, who had been driven from their homes by the Burgundians, the allies of the English.

These stories doubtless made a strong

impression upon the child's imagination. As she grew up, she became serious and thoughtful, and when others of her age played and danced round the trees in the chestnut forest, she kept apart. She was gentle and retiring in disposition and attractive in appearance. Her face was pale, and her eyes were large and black. She was of medium height, and her black hair hung down to her knees.

She tended her father's flocks and helped her mother with the work of the household, but every moment she could spare from her labors was passed in prayer and meditation. Sometimes she went to the church for her devotion and sometimes to the forest. In these places, and also in her chamber, she claimed that spirits visited her and spoke to her. She was very sincere in her beliefs, and she thus tells of her first vision: —

"It was noon when I heard the voices, in the summer, on a fast-day. I was in my father's garden, and the sounds seemed to come from the direction of the church. I saw a supernatural light, and angels appeared

Joan of Arc listening to the Spirits.

From painting by Lenepveu.

before me. When they went away, I wept and wished they had taken me with them."

Finally, the "voices" bade her leave her home and go to help her king. For a long time the girl resisted the mysterious commands, but when a voice said, "Go! God wills it!" she resolved to obey it.

"I would rather stay and spin beside my mother or tend my father's flocks," she said; "but even if I had a hundred fathers and mothers, and if I were to wear away my limbs to my knees, still I would go, for God commands it!"

She went first to Vaucouleurs to ask aid of Captain Robert de Baudricourt, the governor of the town and the lieutenant of Charles VII. The king was enjoying himself at Chinon, while his domains were being wrested from him.

On reaching her destination, she sought out her cousin, Durand Laxart. She reminded him of the old prophecies which foretold that France was to be saved by a maiden from Lorraine, and exclaimed, "I am the one!"

Laxart at first ridiculed the idea, but he was finally won over by the girl's earnestness, and he believed in her. Joan then asked to be presented to Baudricourt, so that she could deliver her message to him. The old soldier at first refused to receive her, but he was at last persuaded to do so.

Joan went straight up to him and told him that she had come to deliver a message from her Lord.

"And who is this lord?" asked Baudricourt, looking with surprise at the young shepherdess of Domremy, who spoke with so much assurance.

"My Lord is the King of Heaven," replied Joan; "he has bidden me deliver Orleans and lead the king to Rheims to be crowned."

Baudricourt shrugged his shoulders, and replied scornfully that she must be an idiot or else possessed of an evil spirit, and that in either case she should be punished and sent back to her home.

Joan was not at all discouraged by this, as she had been told that she would be re-

pulsed three times. Two gentlemen, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, were present at this interview. When they heard the maiden express herself with such dignity, they espoused her cause, and swore, with their hands on their swords, that they would themselves escort her to the Château of Chinon, where Charles was sheltered.

The governor was compelled to yield. Joan had her beautiful hair cut off; the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs bought her an armor, and Baudricourt gave her a sword, saying, "Now go, come what may!"

This was in the month of February, 1429. As she passed out of the city, she said to those who followed her, "Do not pity me nor fear for me; I go to accomplish that for which I was born." From the crest of the hill beyond the gates she took a last look at Domremy, then quickly turned away, as if to shut out the sight.

After travelling through many miles of hostile country, she and the six armed men who accompanied her reached the royal

residence. She was refused admittance, but Charles interfered and said: —

"Let us hear the maid's story, if only for our amusement. I will put on my plainest coat and mingle with the rest of you. Dunois may take my place, and we will see whether or not the girl is inspired, as she pretends. If she is, she will know at once which one of us is the king."

Joan was accordingly admitted. She singled out Charles at once, and kneeling before him, said: —

"Sire, I am sent to you by God to help you save your kingdom. My mission is to deliver Orleans and lead you to Rheims to be crowned." Then in an undertone she added, "I tell you, in God's name, that you are the real heir of France, and the son of the late king."

These words drove a dread doubt out of the mind of Charles, and "caused him as much joy as if he had received a visit from the Holy Spirit."

He then asked Joan how she could prove to him that she had been sent by the Lord. She replied: —

"If I were to tell you some things that only you and God know, would you believe that I am his messenger?"

"I would," admitted the king.

She then proceeded to tell of three requests he had made in his prayers on All Saints' Day. Charles acknowledged that she had spoken truly.

"But if God wishes to deliver the kingdom, he does not need soldiers. Why then do you ask for them?" said one of the courtiers.

"There must be soldiers to fight, but God will lead them to victory," was the reply.

The girl was then asked to perform a miracle.

"Take me to Orleans," was the reply. "The miracle shall be done there."

She succeeded at last in inspiring those who listened to her with the confidence she herself felt. The king ordered a military establishment set up for her. She was given heralds-at-arms, equerries, pages, and other servants. The most illustrious officers strove with each other for the honor of presenting

her with a sword. She refused them all, saying that God had bidden her search around the High Altar of the church of Sainte-Catherine-de-Fier-Bois, where she would find hidden the sword with which she was to deliver the city of Orleans. Messengers were sent to the church, and there they found the sword bearing five imprints of the cross on its blade, just as she had described it.

When this became known, the enthusiasm of her supporters knew no bounds. Her army was soon ready, and it set out, headed by its young leader. In spite of the besieging English, Joan entered Orleans May 3, 1429, mounted on a white charger, and carrying her white banner. This flag had been designed by herself. On its white ground was pictured the Lord sitting on a throne in the heavens, with the world at his feet; kneeling angels were presenting him with fleurs-de-lis to be blessed; it bore the words, *Jesu, Maria.*

Joan was followed by a convoy of troops carrying provisions and ammunition to the garrison within. The girl was now given

the name of the Maid of Orleans. She remained within the city for a few days, and had letters thrown over the walls, addressed to the besieging English officers, ordering them to depart from the walls in obedience to the will of Heaven.

As they paid no attention to these, she mounted her war-horse, upon which she made a splendid picture in her flashing armor, and led her soldiers to battle for the first time.

In that day cities were protected by moats or ditches dug around them, crossed by bridges, upon which were towers of defence. These towers were attacked by Joan, as the besiegers held the bridge. While placing a scaling-ladder against one of the walls of a tower, she was struck in the shoulder by an English arrow. She fell backwards into the trench, and thinking her killed, the English rallied. The brave girl pulled the arrow out of the wound, and was soon foremost in the fight again.

"Forward!" she cried. "All is yours!"

They scaled the walls "as one goes up a

staircase," and they fought as if "they believed themselves immortal." Joan did not use her sword, it is said, and she could not look upon the blood of the French without shedding tears. After the battle she remained on the field to pray for and console the dying, and to bind up the wounds of both friend and foe.

After the delivery of Orleans, Joan went at once to the cathedral to pray and chant a *Te Deum*. The following day her army followed the enemy, who had retreated to the town of Jargeau, a few miles away. The anniversary of this day, May 8, has been observed by the inhabitants of Orleans ever since. On its eve, the garrison of the city file past a reproduction of Joan's banner, brought from the museum to the cathedral. The regiments seem to be following the heroine. The sound of bells mingles with the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums. A speech of praise is delivered before the departure of the procession. Many of these speeches have been preserved, and a singular one was made by an English bishop, who came in 1857, to

"confess the crime of his fathers and the tardy reparation of justice."

At the siege of Jargeau, Joan was struck in the head with a stone, as she was scaling a wall. She again fell backwards into the ditch. She cheered her soldiers from where she lay, shouting:—

"On, on, my countrymen, and fear nothing; the Lord has delivered them into our hands!"

The besieging army was victorious, and the English leader was taken prisoner.

Anxious to see her mission accomplished, Joan now urged Charles to go with her to Rheims to be crowned. As the way led through a country filled with English and Burgundians, he hesitated for a time. Finally he set out with an army of ten thousand men, led by the Maid of Orleans.

The march to Rheims was a succession of victories. Wherever the Maid appeared on her white charger, bearing her white flag, the enemy fled in terror. She had but to knock at the gates of the abandoned cities and they were at once opened to allow her army to enter.

Finally, Rheims was reached. The coronation of the king took place in the cathedral. On this eventful day, Joan stood on the steps of the altar at the king's right hand, bearing her white standard unfurled. When the Archbishop of Rouen placed the crown on the young king's head, a thrill of gratitude ran through the assembled throng.

After the ceremony was over, the girl exclaimed, "My work is done!" Then, kneeling at the feet of her sovereign, she begged to be allowed to return to her home in Domremy. Charles would not permit her to leave. He commanded her to remain and fight for his cause.

After the coronation, all France was filled with admiration for the young girl. As a reward for her services Charles ennobled her family and gave them permission to use the fleur-de-lis on their escutcheon. But soon jealous courtiers influenced the king against her, and he refused to follow her counsel. She suffered greatly because of this ingratitude.

Then, too, the "voices" became confused,

and sometimes the Maid lost confidence in herself. She often begged to be allowed to go home, declaring that she had nothing further to accomplish. The king would not consent to this, so she remained with the army, doing the best she could.

September 8 the French army marched on Paris, attacking the suburb of St. Honoré. The English within the city amused themselves by hanging banners bearing different inscriptions over the walls. On one was the picture of a distaff, and these words, "Let the beauteous maiden come!"

Referring to this campaign, a writer of our own times says: "Every time I pass the statue of Joan in the Place des Pyramides, I fancy I see her, on the very spot, wounded in the knee, but still at the head of her army, planting her standard on the border of a moat."

It was before Paris that Joan for the first time felt abandoned and alone. She gained her last victory at Saint-Pierre-le-Moustier. She broke her old sword, and it seemed as if her power was broken at the same time.

In the month of May, 1430, she went to the defence of Compiègne, which was besieged by the Burgundians. The "voices" had told her that she would be captured, but "she knew neither the place nor the hour." One day in Saint-Jacques's church, overcome with melancholy, she said to those with her: —

"I shall be betrayed, sold, and put to death. Pity me, my friends, for no longer being able to serve my king and my country."

The French were repulsed at Compiègne. During the retreat, Joan, deserted by all, found herself nearly surrounded by Burgundian archers. She parried the blows of her assailants, steadily retreating until she reached the foot of the ramparts. A step more and she would have been safe within the walls; but either through jealousy, imprudence, or treason, those who were defending the entrance to the city closed the gates and raised the bridge, leaving Joan outside.

She was taken prisoner by the Burgundians, who afterwards sold her to the English. Ashamed of having yielded to a mere

girl, her buyers accused her of sorcery. She was dragged from prison to prison, until she reached Rouen. She was brought out for examination as many as sixteen times, worried with all sorts of perplexing questions, then shut up again. She was even tortured to make her confess that heaven had not sent her.

The English believed that while she lived they would be defeated, so they clamored for her death. A tribunal, composed of bribed French priests and presided over by the odious Cauchon was given power to try her. These were some of the replies she made to the charges brought against her: —

"All that I have done was commanded by God, and revealed to me by Saint Michael, Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret."

"I well know that the English will put me to death, but they will never possess the kingdom of France."

"In seven years from now the king will have his greatest triumph, and the English will be driven from French soil."

Finally, on her promising never again to

wear man's dress or serve as a soldier, she was condemned to imprisonment for life, "on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction."

It is said that she did not keep her promise, but that, while in prison, she put on a suit of man's clothing, which had been purposely left there to tempt her. For this, she was sentenced to be burnt at the stake in Rouen.

The king of France, whom Joan had served so well, made no attempt to help her. One cavalier only remembered his comrade in arms. The brave Xaintrailles tried to take Rouen and deliver her. He did not succeed, but he had the consolation of being shut up in a dungeon cell adjoining hers.

On the morning of May 30, 1431, at nine o'clock, Joan rode through the streets of Rouen in the executioner's cart. On seeing the pile placed in front of the old market-place, a cry escaped her.

"Ah, Rouen, Rouen, are you then to be my last home?" she exclaimed.

Burning of Joan of Arc.

From painting by Lenepveu.

But she was not to be left alone entirely. Her saints appeared to her and renewed their promises. She was again assured of the near deliverance of her country. She listened calmly to the sentence pronounced by Cauchon. She then mounted the scaffold; while they bound her hands, she asked to be shown a crucifix. They lit the pile, while every one present, even Cauchon, wept. Many fled, unable to bear the sight.

In the midst of the clouds of smoke and the lurid gleam of flames, she forgave all, and said her last prayer.

"Yes," she cried; "my visions came from God; my voices did not deceive me — Jesus!"

Visitors to the old city of Rouen can see the statue of the Maid of Orleans, in the scene of her last agony, standing on the square that bears her name.